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1

The Hardest Day.

THE
HARVEST DAY:

AND

Other Poems.

By THOMAS FRANCIS.

LONDON:
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Preface.

WHEN the author of this little volume was introduced to the muse, he discovered for her a sincere passion which, ever since, has continued to burn with increasing ardency.

From the time he began to cultivate the divine art to the present, he has been engaged in imparting knowledge to the young, an arduous, but pleasant occupation. His duties required his time, not however without leaving him an hour for recreation, a leisure moment, now and then; and being of a contemplative turn of mind, he availed himself of those opportunities, and when no other duty claimed his attention, devoted them to the shrine of poesy.

There is no one without a little time now and again, to prosecute that which is dear to his heart; but perhaps it would have been better if the time had been consecrated to something more immediately useful than poetry. However this may be, the acquirement of an aptitude in the expression of thought, is no trifling concern. We are thinking beings; we are talking beings as well, capable of conveying our ideas to others, and whatever furthers our laudable endeavours in this respect cannot be without its salutary results.

With regard to the poems, the subjects of them perhaps, are too commonplace; but they are the very themes which presented themselves to the muse. They offered themselves willingly and so they were sung. There is in the poems, he admits, no pretension to the higher strain of song; and if the critic discover in them a sterility of classic taste, and a deficiency in artistic finish, he must not get into a passion and take up his pen rashly to chastise. Whatever he may be induced to say, let him say it brotherly; and let him bear in mind that the author never had the pleasure of dipping his pitcher into a classic well.

At the same time, he believes his productions are not without some merit. If there is nothing in them which may arrest the attention of the drawing room, yet there may be something which may attract the notice of the lowly, the hearth of the poor. We were never destined to shine with equal lustre on earth. Every poet is not a Milton, neither is every divine a Butler. "One star differeth from another star in glory." Every orb, whether large or small, has its own light, and she which commands a wider orbit, should not despise that whose circuit is more limited.

Some may ask, why venture into print, why appear before the public eye? This, it must be confessed, is rather a difficult problem; but thousands solve it some way or other. When any person has achieved a literary performance, he does not like to see it lie in the dusty corners of his desk, but rather it should circulate among his fellow-beings. Besides, he cannot very well ascertain whether his production contains any thing worth preserving, till it appear before the public, who, together with time, are the only safe critics. And there is no other reason for publishing this collection than that which is common to Authors in general.

Great numbers, it is true, are already in the field, and it is a question whether it is at all wise to swell their ranks. It may be argued that we have a sufficient number of old standards for every reading purpose whatever. Volumes, notwithstanding, continue daily to stream from the press; and this, perhaps, is a good sign. For if there were an end to doing a little business in this way, the realm of thought would soon suffer, would become cloudy, and eventually, perhaps, a settled mental darkness.

With grateful acknowledgments to his subscribers, and trusting they may be a little entertained, if not a little pleased, the author dismisses the work to the perusal of his kind readers, and the destiny which awaits it, not, however, without being conscious that it still contains many undiscovered imperfections.

Gwernaffield, Mold, Dec. 9th, 1858.

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THE HARVEST DAY.

ARGUMENT.

Morning described—The farmer invites his servants down—Tenants flock into his fold—Servants and tenants reach the wheat—Rural sounds—A tenant's wife—Breakfast—The farmer, his character—The reapers refresh themselves—Dinner prepared—Sent to the field—The farmer's daughter—Dinner over, the reapers repose—Subjects of conversation—Insects at work—Exempt from many of the ills attending man—Death to man,—what—The reapers resume work—Thunder—The reapers dispute about its cause—The heavens again serene—The boy proud of the approach of evening—The reapers quit the field—A gleaner—some account of her—her humble cot—her happiness—Sun-set—The reapers reach the fold—Welcomed by the farmer's wife—Supper—A Soldier—some account of him—Battle of the Alma—Scutari—The reapers disperse—Servants loiter on the fold—A thresher—Servants retire to bed

One of them withdraws to visit his girl—His journey described—Address to England—The Last Harvest Day—The mariner, soldier, parents and children, sisters and brothers and old friends, shall see that Day—England has laboured much in anticipation of that Day—Her christian toil in foreign lands—All classes invited to extend the boundary of happiness, watching the skies for the appearance of the Last Harvest Day.



THE HARVEST DAY

In all the vast blue fields of heaven, a cloud
No where is visible. From point to point,
All is serene. In her best loveliness,
Like a fond maiden in her marriage dress,
The morn makes her advance. She throw's abroad
Her bright aurora wide into the west,
And, by her infant smile, puts life in all.
Behind her fast the orb of light rides forth,
Rejoicing on his pilgrimage, and on
Ascending the blue verge, that bounds the eye,
Smiles joyful on the breast of slumbering hills:
His orient rays far shooting to the west,
Arouse the sleeper on his bed remote,
And in their eager speed, old castles paint
And boughs uplifted in the branching woods,
In hues of scarlet red. O lovely sight

At last, full orb'd in the wide firmament,
Without a sign of weariness, he laughs,
Congratulated by the dew-drops mild
Which on earth's brow in countless numbers lie.
Proud in the field among his female friends,
The rambling bull lows o'er the landscape wide,
Sonorously, his full toned notes that strike
Thrilling, against the neighbouring hills, and thence
Wheeling about, betake a downward course,
Melodiously, into the vales below,
Cheering their sides with the loud peal of songs.
Meanwhile the farmer, with his foreman true,
Is up; and, passing on from bed to bed,
The morn proclaims, the advent of the sun,
And lovingly invites his servants down.
Tenants from every wind flock to the fold,
And neighbours, all with sickles arm'd,
All ready for the wheat. Soon on the spot
A number large is seen. Some whet their hooks,
Some walk about, and some for jackets run;
The fold is full of bustle, talk and joy.
But all at once, towards the wheat they move,

THE HARVEST DAY.

Each with his glistening hook upon his arm.
They reach the ground, and, fronting now the corn,
A blithesome troop they stand. Before them plays,
Wet with the copious dew-drops of the morn,
The golden wheat, in undulations grand,
Unconscious quite of their intention bold,
Or the approach of harvest. Ere a hook
Into the corn is thrown, a glance they cast,
And having view'd the ground, a judgment pass.
Some of the young and inexperienced say
The mellow wheat in towering mows will be,
Ere on the western hills, the setting sun
Shines forth his evening smiles. As thus they talk,
The joyous cocks in the surrounding folds,
Loud crow; while on the whistle-board secure,
The lime-boy, happy, in some distant road,
Plays on his winding horn, and the fair lass
Sings cheerfully, as through the dew she steps,
Her scatter'd kine inviting home. Now hooks-
Into their places shine and handfuls large
Of wheat come rustling prostrate to the ground.
Leaving her lowly cot, a tenant's wife,

With hasty steps makes for her master's wheat.
Now in the field the reapers blithe she joins,
And with a smile the incidents relates,
That kept her from the field so long. The cow,
The poor man's pride, was milk'd, the swine, as well,
Was satisfied, and urchins three were fed,
And many a task, which to a cot belongs,
Was wrought, ere to the harvest field she came ;
Yet clean among the reapers now see stands,
A fit example to the maidens all.
She looks as neat, as if the morn was spent
In nought, but to adorn herself. Well pleased
To see her thus, her husband fondly casts
A smiling glance towards her gentle brow.
He looks into the past, and there beholds,
Full many a charming scene. He sees the banks,
And sunny hills where first he saw her eye,
While many a spot, where happy they have been,
Blooms fresh before his mind. A sigh he lifts,
Of gratitude for such a help-mate fond.
Sickles again are shook, but ere a sheaf
Is down, breakfast into the field is brought.
The reapers halt and walk unto the hedge,

Where, with a busy hand the damsels spread,
On nature's lap, a cloth, white as the snow.
Reaching the spot, the social reapers sit,
And there partake, with lightsome brow, of what
So tastefully the mistress has prepared.
Some minutes more, they all pass in their bowls,
Feeling themselves refreshed. Ere they began,
A blessing was upon the food implored,
So now, all being hush'd, some one, perhaps
An aged tenant, eldest in the group,
A man among them honour'd for a life
Of blamelessness and rectitude sincere,
Lifts up himself, and with a thankful heart,
Half stooping o'er the table wide, breathes forth
Their gratitude, in simple words, to Him,
Who ever and anon, on helpless man,
Some good bestows ; and ere his aged lips
Drop the amen, he supplicates the skies,
For blessings on their few remaining years.
This done the damsels straight collect the knives,
The dishes, spoons, the bread and cheese, with what,
Upon the cloth is left, and place them all,

In a selected spot, perhaps the shade
Of some old thorn, hard by the banquet ground,
In baskets ready for a transport home.
The reapers now are actively employed ;
Some sharpen hooks, some strike the flinty stone,
With dazzling steel, their sooty pipes to light ;
Some dress a finger, wounded by the hook,
While some unto the rest a tale relate
Of wondrous love full of a courtship plot,
While now and then a peal of merriment,
Loud sounds among them all But see, they rise,
And on harmoniously together go,
With full intent, towards the standing corn,
Wielding their hooks in one extended line.
Yonder the venerable farmer comes,
With head full grey, a staff under his arm,
Plucking on his approach some ears of corn.
A noble name, among the indigent,
The poor beggars whose bare secluded huts
Thick spot the yellow hills around, he bears.
Yes, oft of him with gratitude sincere,
They speak, as round their humble hearth they sit.

Full many a time away from his abode,
With a glad smile have their poor urchins come,
Bringing in their patched bags, the charity
Which he, so brotherlike, on them bestowed.
Even gipsies, strangers, who houseless roam
The vales and uplands of the various earth,
Know him full well. Ay many a ledge of straw,
Away upon their shoulders have they borne,
From his large fold, with many a cheerful loaf,
A tent to succour on a neighbouring hill.
A beggar ne'er knocked at his door in vain.
Now in the field right glad the reapers are
His brow to see, for dear he is to them.
Behind him close, a lass, and on her head
A lusty jar, they see. At once they pause,
And round the jar upon the grass they sit,
The farmer in the midst. Here bowl on bowl
Is pass'd till all the reapers on the spot
Grow cheerful, talkative, and strong. This o'er,
Blending with the loud laugh and chat serene,
The sound of whetstones, grating on the hooks,
Is heard. But whetstone after whetstone stops,

And up the reapers rise, promiscuous,
And straightening their sore-backs, with heart and hand,
Move on towards their task again. Higher,
And higher in the vast blue fields of heaven,
Shining, ascends the mighty sun ; while on
Their hedgeless high-road in the distance sweep
Large sullen clouds, surcharg'd, apparently,
With rattling thunder from the sultry east.
On toil the reapers, not by fits and starts, .
Now driving on, now loitering on the ridge,
Talking careless away, now dashing hard,
Till every breath is nigh breathed out. Oh ! no,
Constant they toil, and calm, they chat as well,
Their task to ease. The kind old farmer there,
Among them turns, invigorating all.
Meanwhile at home, his neat clad, active wife,
With nimble steps industriously provides
An ample dinner. Crackling burn the thorns
The sooty pot beneath, which like an ocean boils.
Potatoes, turnips, beef and bacon too,
In the huge pot are seen, with dumplings large,
Which, restless on its face, perambulate,
And gambol like young lambs. And now the leek,

The last ingredient, into the pot
Is thrown ; bright knives and forks, and dishes are,
Clattering, in dazzling heaps, together brought.
Upon the fold, a lad, an orphan boy,
Half sweating and in his shirt sleeves, prepares
A vehicle the dinner hence to bear.
All ready now, and dinner in the cart,
The stripling pricks the stubborn ass and drives,
Sharply, towards the field. Behind him close,
Fair as a flower, the lovely daughter walks,
Smoothing her dark-brown hair with her white hand,
And fitting on her shawl. Ah ! neat appear
She must ; for in the field, her lover reaps,
The idol of her heart, and there his eye,
Uncomely, her must not behold, lest he,
No pleasant charm in her discovering, seek
A lass more fair. And part with one so dear
She never, never can. Her inmost heart
To him is bound, unchangeably, by cords,
Which nought but the pale, chilly hand of death,
Can break. She'd rather lose, yes, rather far,
Her silver, land, her flocks, and all the pearls,
To which this planet e'er gave birth than part


With him on whom her earthly bliss depends.
But see, they pause ! and the young driver climbs,
High on the hedge, and on the reapers shouts,
Who, uprising, the welcome sound respond.
Soon on the prickly stubble the white cloth,
Spotless, like driven snow, is spread. Now round
The smoking beef, full proud of their repose,
And prouder still of what so tastefully
Their eyes behold, the weary reapers sit.
Loud sounds the chatting, as the nimble maids
Step round, the hand solicitous to serve.
All being now refresh'd to cool themselves,
Among the yellow sheaves awhile they rest ;
But sweet and joyful sound the rural talk,
And merry laugh, amidst the happy crowd.
All are engaged, but differently employed.
Here one, perhaps, unto the rest relates
How well the ancient British heroes fought,
When Rome, once mistress of the globe attacked
Our native Isle and rummaged hill and glen,
The soil on which our fathers had, so long,
So freely trod ; how Wolfe, or Nelson fell,
Amidst the sound of victory and guns ;

Or how, at St. Helena, distant isle,
A warrior clos'd his wondrous life ; or how,
Perhaps a Wickliffe show'd a darken'd realm
The road to light. Here prostrate on the ground,
A youngster lies, without a parent, home,
Or friend, perhaps, save what he finds beneath
A master's roof ; yet here content he lies,
And thinks perhaps, that he, though indigent,
And friendless now, some morn or other may
A farmer be, and able too, to wed the lass
He loves. Pleased with himself and this sweet thought,
A vow he makes an upright lad to live,
To serve his master with a heart sincere,
And tread for aye the cheerful banks of peace.
Hard by his side, calmly, two maidens sit,
Both fair and in their bloom, talking away,
Perhaps, about the lads they love ; or it
May be, about some luckless lass they knew,
Who by her lover was betrayed, and who,
Without a home, or friend, to whom she might
Resort for sympathy, was sent to nurse
Her harmless babe, inside the dismal walls
Of some lone workhouse, dungeon of the poor.

Here by themselves, a group of mothers vers'd
In all that to the poor man's cot belongs,
Enjoy repose, their urchins, swain, and cow,
Their minds engage. There by a bulky sheaf,
Extended, lies the dog, the farmer's friend,
And soundly sleeps without a care or sigh,
Unless a vermin haunt him in his dream.
Insects of various hues sport in the sun;
Some climb the stubble, others try the power,
And compass of their wing, by many a flight,
From herb to herb and onward draw, as if
They wished to join the reapers in their talk:
Some less ambitious, less aspiring, crawl
In silence, on the thread-bare soil, they seek
No higher ground. Here harmless butterflies
Of every wing, wander among the sheaves,
The forest and the field their home. Here too,
The humble-bee, proud monarch of the flies,
At will perambulates. Far from his realms,
The flowery heath and bloomy glens he's come
To seek fresh pasturage among the sheaves.
Ah! happy insects, happy flies no care
Is yours. Nought know ye of a lover's pain,

Whose passions have been cross'd, or mother's grief,
Who half her days, the drops of sorrow sheds
For some one slumbering in the dust. And what
Know ye of pain acute, wounding the breast,
Caused by a consciousness that you have broke
The laws of Him, who, in his mercy ne'er
Forgets you in your wild abode, who ne'er
Denied you welcome, to the table which
He aye adorns with what you want, himself?
You may before your time, drop in the field,
Or forest wild, or on a mountain top,
By some unfriendly hand, or by some blast
Tearing away, high from the northern shores,
And may, besides, remain where you may fall,
Without an eye to shroud or to perform
Your obsequies. But harmless beings, what
Have ye to do with that hereafter, which,
Beyond the vale of death, awaits the man?
You live, you die, and then forgotten are;
Not so with man; he lives for e'er. Cold death,
To him is nought but change, a passage which
Conveys him to a land, where offices,
And posts are render'd up, and reck'nings made;

Where justice dooms, according to the deed,
To everlasting woe, among the lost,
Or to eternal joy, where blooms young life
For aye. And when the man thinks of the change,
A sigh, unknown to you, oft wounds his breast.
The sickles being whet, the reapers stand,
And toil again they joyfully resume.
Some branch away the living corn to fall,
Some leave the hooks, the prostrate grain to tie,
While some lead off the mows to build. At once,
Each one is at his post, and work goes on.
The farmer, like a colonel there, directs,
Encourages, and leads them to the task,
And promptly him they all obey. Large sheaves
Numberless, in the joyous field, are seen,
And mows, as well, towering, are thick beheld,
Pushing their tops on high, and laughingly,
Portending too, exuberant reward
For all the sweat bestowed on sowing time.
The farmer now his field surveys, well pleas'd,
And happy lifts from his large, gentle heart,
A sigh of gratitude to Him who decks
The hills with goodness, and the smiling vales



With rich profusion, and forever minds,
In every change, the countless sons of men.
Here far aloft, and charmingly sublime,
Gigantic clouds, observed some hours ago,
Slowly advancing from the sultry east,
Now, isolated, like huge mountains, hang
Above their heads. But sickly on the breeze
They loiter, shedding here and there, a drop,
Lukewarm, in silence on the ground. The sky,
For many a league, looks sorrowful and pale.
The reapers now a wild storm dread. With this
The lightning flashes on their dazzling hooks.
A solemn thunderclap, soon in the rear,
In elemental realms, its voice puts forth
And throws a trembling uproar, rattling wild,
Among the startl'd hills, and then away
In winding vales its peals withdraws. Here now
A conversation wise and long ensues,
On lightning, thunder, and their kindred themes,
Their nature, cause, with their effects, while here
And there, a sigh, from many a damsel's breast,
Upheaves. About the cause of thunder, and


The flash, its harbinger, they disagree.
Some of the reapers say, and cite withal,
Some scraps from Holy Writ, their point to clear,
That 'tis the voice of God ; while others prove
Another cause which they howe'er, so well,
Can not explain. Some changes in the air
Are touched upon, and electricity,
That agent which the heaven and earth, pervades,
Is named but not defined. Such reasoning is,
Howe'er, not heard, for ignorance, the pest
Of nations, bears the laurels off, and hints,
Withal, that those who harbour views like these,
Are infidels and should be shunn'd. But now
The hot debate wheels round to those vast orbs,
The earth and golden sun. Awhile they dwell
On those well finished spheres ; their motion is
Howe'er, the subject main of their discourse.
During the discussion long, Ptolemy,
Copernicus, and Galileo too,
With England's Newton, all illustrious men,
Who shone like orbs effulgent, in the fields
Of deep philosophy, are named. But ah !
The reapers soon in trackless paths are lost ;

The greater part with eloquence, howe'er,
To the old faith adheres, insisting that,
The sun wheels round the earth, and not the earth
Around the sun as wise collegians say.
See now the sickly, sultry, murky clouds
Which exhibited a desire strong
Some hours ago, their liquid drops to pour
Down from the travelling oceans of the skies,
Upon the anxious reaper and his sheaf.
Have sail'd away, a quiet death to seek,
Far in the viewless air, or wet the sails
Of some lone barque, gliding upon the blue seas,
Towards her home; or take, in the new west,
Fresh reapers by surprise. The joyful sun
Appears once more, bright through the air serene,
And gladly smiles but nears towards the west
Apace withal. The threatening storm is past,
And the wide loitering gloom, which for a time,
Hung o'er the reapers, is dispers'd, and they
More blithesome feel. Even the quadrupeds,
With the winged merchants of the air, and those
Young creepers, struggling for a livelihood,
On the bare sod, seem conscious of the change.

The lad assiduous, warn'd by his shadow,
Long lengthening o'er the stubble, now collects
The sheaves around his premature mows,
Humming, as on he plods beneath his load,
O'er some old friendly song, and being proud
Of the approach of eve, more sprightly feels.
The setting sun hard borders on the west,
His pale weak rays, receding from the dales
And low-lands, nowhere glow, but on tall hills
And banks uplifting in the plains. And now
The sore-back'd reapers, weary with their toil,
Together halt and of their supper think.
Whetstones and jackets, hooks, and baskets too,
To one peculiar spot, are fast conven'd,
All ready for a journey hence. Yonder
A youth ties up the last mow's top, and see,
Quickly he now descends and throws
In its long dim shadow, his arms around
The blooming lass, who help'd him with the sheaves,
And from her half consenting lips, a kiss
He steals. The day with its hard labour o'er
The languid reapers, chatting quit the field.
No sooner on the road, than they behold

A widow old, with a poor orphan child,
Bearing her hat and shawl, returning home,
From some kind neighbour's cornfield with her load
Of gleanings on her head. The reapers pause,
And sympathize with her. Some years are past,
Since o'er her husband's tomb she wept. Of all
The children whom she nurs'd so dear, not one
With her is left. Some calmly lie, away,
In distant church-yards, far beyond her eye,
While some a living seek, on the rough seas,
Toss'd by the surging waves, or in, perchance,
Some wild ravines, among the far off hills,
Whose breasts upheave beyond the swelling main;
And long, yes long, perhaps have they forgot
The friendless mother, whom, in indigence,
They left at home, the gentle mother who,
Affectionately, watched their helpless years
And rear'd them up. Ye offspring fair,
Ye sons rejoicing in your manhood days,
Able to hold the thrifty plough, or wield,
With valour's dauntless arm, the anxious sword;
And ye dear daughters of our darling Isle,
Can ye a mother poor disdain, one who

So long has shelter'd you beneath her wing,
And shed so many a tear and sigh'd withal,
So many a prayer, over your infant days,
When the small stream that warbled past your door
Your inexperienced steps could far out-do ;
When tea-cups, spoons, small utensils, could prove
As much as your young trembling arms could lift ?
Ah ! ye who parents have, decrepit, poor,
Forlorn descending the grey hills of life,
Shivering, towards the valley of old age,
And nought to cheer them on the way, perhaps,
Save the indifferent hand of charity,
With what a parish deems appropriate
To show, will ye despise them, if ye have
The means to rescue, shelter, or to feed ?
Will ye allow, if 'tis within your reach,
A parent trembling with infirmities,
Afflicted too, to tread the gloomy halls
Of Unions, down into the land of death ?
Ah ! bear in mind a blessing in reserve
There is for him, who, sympathizing makes
A parent his peculiar care. Oh ! yes,
There is. It has withal a promise bright,



Bearing the seal of a superior court,
Which undertakes to lead him safe along
Rejoicing on his way, from well to well,
And bliss to bliss, beneath a heaven serene,
And a sweet sunshine to a ripe old age.
The weary reapers home to supper walk,
And the poor gleaner with her orphan girl,
Plods on towards her bare, sequester'd cot,
Where she some minutes more, with her slight match,
A fire kindles, a scanty meal to cook.
Retired, dreary, and coeval with
The sloping hills that slumber to its back,
Looks her low cot. In a bye lane it stands,
Some yards from the main road, and thatched with straw,
Half hid with ivy, chimneyless, having
But one small window which no more contains
Than one dim solitary pane. Yes, there
The gleaner lives. No relative has she
To lend an aid, nor any friend, perhaps,
Save the kind pastor of her parish, who
Oft with his amiable wife, invites
Her to the vicarage, and lets her part,
Not only with a solace good, divine,

But with her bag, provision full, enough,
Perhaps for weeks, with what her palsied hands
Can earn besides. Yet there content she lives.
Though poor, sequester'd looks her lowly cot,
Her earthly paradise it is. And oft has she,
Beneath its old secluded roof, as night,
Its darkening shadows o'er the landscape flung,
Pored o'er her best old friend, the Bible, soiled
And wet with many a tear and often too,
Within its walls, low at the holy throne,
In secret has she bow'd, to supplicate
Her God, calmly, to take her by the hand,
And safely lead her o'er the waves of time,
To that still shore, where weary travellers rest :
And oft ere rising from her knees has she
A blessing asked on her benighted race,
Especially, on her poor relatives
Scatter'd abroad in distant lands, that she
And they, when time has laid aside his toil,
May all together meet, safe on the hills
Of yonder tranquil country, where farewells
Are never heard to wound the heart again.
Meanwhile the bright industrious orb of day,

Leaving the mellow tops of eastern hills,
Smiling, descends the blue expanse of heaven,
And sinks apace into his western bed,
Pointing, on the wide landscape of the skies,
To the poor reaper's eye, the advent sweet
Of many a sunny morn, with eve serene,
Yes, such a weather as the whitening hills
With their prolific, golden crops demand.
Upon the fold the reapers now appear,
Hail'd by a number great of blithesome fowls,
Hens, ducks, by geese, and turkeys towering high,
With flapping wings and accents sounding loud;
The bulky swine of their arrival glad,
With bristly backs and long extended snouts,
And tails up-curl'd, rush on among the crowd,
And loudly cheer them too. The farmer kind
As he is wont, when from the harvest field
He home returns, shakes down a sheaf, friendly,
Before the vast loquacious group. Leaving
Them at their festival and petty feuds,
He lovingly invites the reapers in.
There with a smile, beaming like a sunshine,

In a calm vale where bliss and plenty brood,
And gentle feelings dwell, the neat-clad wife
A heart born welcome gives their weary limbs;
Shakes hands with her poor tenants' thrifty wives,
And asks them many a question too, kindly,
About their humble cots, their welfare, and
Their urchins dear. To supper now they haste
And round the long inviting table sit,
Acknowledging, with gratitude sincere,
The hand benevolent that aye bestows,
Like dew, blessings upon the sons of men.
Now social talk, sweet blending with the sound
Of utensils, and sharp domestic steps,
Cheer up the scene. But list! now all at once,
Is hush'd, and silence reigns. A moment more,
And noisy out they come. Some round the hearth
Draw on, their sooty pipes to light, while some,
Not so particular, and strangers too,
Perhaps, to practices like those, and that
Obnoxious weed which robs the poor man's pence,
Sit here and there, on sacks and chairs, apart,
But not so far remote, as not to see,
The fires bright face, or join the jovial chat.

As thus their aching limbs enjoy repose,
Some one walks on towards the door and knocks.
A damsel fair soon hastens to the place,
And, with a wondering eye, a soldier sees.
There hero-like, and towering high he stands
With deeds of warfare, battles awful hot,
Still loitering solemn round his head. Ah! well,
The reapers know the man, his lineage too,
And those slow sloping hills which first upbore
His premature steps. With welcome warm,
Hard by the hearth, they point him to a seat,
And round him, wondering, sit to hear the tales
Of stern rifles, artillery severe,
With calibers terrific, breathing death
And sabres keen loud clashing in the breeze,
With blood stained bayonets, he has to tell,
Watching the while the movements of his lips.
But sorrowful, they soon a limb perceive,
Snatch'd off has been, by some unfriendly foe,
And left an offering at the shrine of war.
Perhaps a shell, its horrors bursting hot,
Hard by his side, or some wild ball, perchance,
Travelling its deadly tramp, insidious,

Through the dark smoke along, struck off his arm.
Some furlongs from the farmer's blest abode,
An aged cottage, picturesque, there stands,
Environ'd round with lofty silvery ash,
Majestic sycamore, wide branching out,
With venerable oak, and poplars high,
And shelter'd from inhospitable winds,
On either side, by hills reclining brown,
That far aloft upheave their ferny tops,
Sublime towards the pathway of the clouds;
Here on a snowy Christmas eve, amid
The sweet auspicious smiles of holidays,
The soldier brave was born. And there, as well,
He passed his schooling time, those irksome hours,
And those young years in which the stripling is,
Unconscious apt the future man to play.
His father's pride he was, and mother's joy,
Having no child besides on whom they might
A parent's love bestow, or might confer
That little hoard, which with an anxious brow,
A cautious care, and hand assiduous,
They had accumulated. And a son
Ne'er by a warm parental heart was loved,

More dear, affectionate, sincere, than he
Was loved by them. Their sole delight he was,
And joy, next to their Benefactor kind.
He was train'd up beneath a parent's eye
To wield old agriculture's ancient tools,
The shovel, spade, the crooked scythe and plough,
And till a few prolific acres which
A father's farm comprised; while virtue's laws,
Her amiable ways, and recompense,
By maxims, and a sire's example good,
Early before his youthful mind were laid.
Obedient he grew, and truly fond
Of that dear path, which, to a higher world,
The mind of man conducts. He show'd withal,
A skill surpassing at the honest plough,
And at a rural game he dreaded none.
Oft on a winter's shivering afternoon,
As snow and frost, unsympathizing cold,
Came tramping o'er the mountain's top, would he
Take out his gun, and whistle off his dog,
Joyous, towards some solitary nook,
A leafless woodland, or a rocky cliff,
Reclining in confusion, mantled o'er


With brambles, heath, and fern expiring; or
Perhaps, between two friendly hills, along
A warbling stream by icicles adorned,
The bleak abode of snipes, he'd take his dog,
And try his well directed aim. And oft,
On a long winter's night, as pinching winds,
Icy, caroused on their nocturnal routes,
When out door toil was snugly o'er, would he,
Retire before his friendly hearth, and there,
Pensive, o'er some old author pore, the mind
To cultivate, his erring heart to mend,
Smoothing the brow of toil, and answering oft
His parents kind on some domestic theme,
Tillage, morality, trifling event,
Or some near neighbour's sad decease. But when
Emerging from his youth into a life,
Of riper years, enamour'd he became
Of a sweet lass, of his own age, who lived
Close by his little farm. Her countenance
Was rosy, white, and fair, and such as would
Into the heart unconscious win a way.
Her eyes were blue, revealing to the sight
A warm affection; auburn was her hair;

Her lips were like a tulip in its bloom,
And graceful were her steps. Such was the maid
That took his eye, and won his heart to love.
'Twas on a winter's eve, as he and she,
Home in a shelter'd lane from Church return'd,
With lightsome steps, playful, affectionate,
Beneath the rays effulgent of the moon,
And stars that shone with joy, he first to her,
The glowing passion of his breast disclosed.
Wild angry winds shook loud the trembling trees,
And caused their influence abroad extend,
To standing pools and isolated lakes,
Boggy kingdoms, and rivulets, as well
That tuned their psalmody the hills among;
But ah! their attributes, though icy, keen,
Made no impression on the love-bound pair,
For warm their inward bosom burn'd. They trod
The frozen lane along, as if they walked
On soil elysian. Though winter swayed
His polar arm o'er mountain, hill, and glen,
And inroads made into the poor man's cot,
The lovers look'd upon that dear old eve,
As some auspicious hour in May; because

A birth-night bright it was of tender love,
That long, long burn'd in undiminish'd warmth.
Hence-forth full many an interview they had,
Heart-knitting, and affectionate, at which,
Sweet pressures of the hand, carresses dear,
And many a loving look between them pass'd.
She was his life, his solace, and his all.
Whether he helm'd the horned plough, or whirled
The flail, or sweating, threw the sweeping scythe,
Or at whatever implement he toiled,
Like music on his ear, her language fell,
And aye before him gleam'd her fond blue eye,
Converting upland, valley, cliff and plain,
Into one paradise of joy. Often
He pictured to himself he saw her sit,
Of a cold night, lull'd by the whistling wind,
Joyful with him, around a humble hearth,
A wife, and mother too, nursing perhaps,
A boy, the smiling offspring of their love,
Or chatting brisk how best they may achieve
Some salutary task or good perform,
Her eye the while a sunshine to the place.
But brief was his felicity; it pass'd

Like shadows evanescent, now his own
Now past recalling gone. For he at last,
With eyes wet with the drops of sorrow, saw
The maid, on whom he meditated years
Of happiness, domestic sweets, thrown off,
Thoughtless, cruel, into another's arms,
Whose age and affluence exceeded his
By several moons, by several acres too.
Having lost the fair maid that won his heart,
Disconsolate he grew, and in a pang
Of disappointment, grief, internal pain,
With their deep wounding stabs, listed one day
To soldiers, who, in a neat village near,
With scarlet coats and slender, glist'ning canes,
Instructed steps, and aspect awful high,
With ribbons, which, in various colours, flew,
Dishevell'd from their caps, sought fresh recruits.
The lover cross'd, a warrior now became.
The rugged hills and valleys winding green,
Where careless he had strayed his youthful years;
The fields familiar and th' industrious plough;
The lanes, stiles, cross-roads, nooks, and those old trees,

Which lofty round his humble cottage grew,
Between whose branching boughs he oft had seen,
The bright moon lovely streaming from the east;
The sheltered paths and sabbath walks, where he
Was wont to tread for contemplation sweet;
The pastor, church, and pew where he had sat
And heard so many a sermon, preach'd; and her
Who left him for another's mouldy wealth,
With that small stream that warbled in the vale,
That blithe, peculiar stream, o'er which he had
So often pass'd to visit her he loved;
All these, with parents dear, he left behind.
To one and all a long adieu he bade,
And thence away amid the thrilling notes
Of drum and fife with measured steps he march'd,
A lumb'ring knapsack to his shoulders strapp'd,
And in his hand a rifle dazzling bright,
To face in sultry climes beneath the sun,
With dashing breast, our old Britannia's foe.
He tramp'd through cities large and strong, and cross'd
High heathy hills, with valleys winding steep,
Strange plains and rivers murmuring along,
Castles, and ruins mouldering in the dust.



Races of men of every hue he saw,
And women various too, some of them dear,
Recalling to his troubled heart, bright days
And bliss dead in the past, with many a smile
That once around him like a halo gleam'd,
With home in all its loveliness and charms.
Oft slept he in the dewy air, sometimes
Upon a barren plain, hedgeless and bleak;
Sometimes on a wild mountain's bosom, where
Neither a bush nor hospitable, spray,
Upraised its head to shield him from the winds,
His blankets, the unbounded elements;
And pillow best, a sympathizing sod.
In this campaign, with daring breast, he fought
Battles fictitious, and real too, and saw,
Like little streams, the blood of erring man,
Rush sorrowful th' astonish'd soil along.
On Alma's banks, those heights memorable,
That, trembling pale, upbore the tread of death,
The willing rifle, to his shoulder last,
He raised. As up among battalions brave,
Those awe-struck hills he trod, adjusting fair
The scale of empires and the poor man's rights,

A lead-ball staggering struck him to the ground.
Wounded, not kill'd, he sighing crawl'd away,
Secretly, to a friendly crag, and there, .
Bleeding in its cool shade, himself he lay
To watch the horrid conflict or expire.
On either side sad scenes his eye soon caught;
Here a lone rifle, there a broken sword;
A headless body here, and there a limb,
Perhaps a leg, an arm, or shatter'd skull,
In agony, still struggling on the soil;
Here horse and rider, who perhaps had been,
Friends true for many a year, lay side by side,
Chilly, convulsive in the arms of death;
A father there, with cheeks care-worn and pale,
Upturned, dying; a brother here, senseless,
Sighing, his sword beside, a long farewell;
And there a lover breathing, in his bloom
To her whom in the west he left so dear,
A last adieu, each on a gory bed,
Each far from home, and that sweet smile remote,
Which beaming from a friend, a dying pillow smooths.
Above, warriors, his comrades from the west,
The cliffs ascended, baffling stratagem,

Upsetting batt'ries, slashing to the sod,
Battalions, and by dint of balls, blowing,
Breathless, columns to flight confused. Below,
The Alma wailed her lamentations loud,
As on, she bore, between her weeping banks,
The solemn news to western shores beyond.
Around him dark and elongated clouds
Of smoke, o'erwhelm'd with dying groans, loiter'd,
Loath the sad scene to leave, ere they beheld
The blood-stain'd issue of the contest dire.
Such were the scenes that loom'd upon his sight,
As in the shadow of his crag he lay,
Then far away from those lamenting hills,
Gently, among the wounded, he was borne,
O'er wailing waves, towards Scutari's halls,
Where gentleness, by love and charity
Attended, met him with her willing arms,
And, with a mother's tenderness and care,
A balm administer'd unto his wounds.
Here months he lay, here too a limb he lost.
Recovering from his wounds, a long adieu,
Sighing, he bade to the strange sepulchre,
Wherein reposed his arm, with those pale cells,

Wherein he slept so many a restless night.
Yes, those sick cells, since sweeten'd by the voice
Of Nightingale, he left, and sail'd away,
O'er deeps that bore him to Britannia's shore,
Casting, at intervals, a look behind,
Towards the sod which lay upon his arm.
And now among the reapers, see him sit,
Weary and worn, but with a cheerful cheek,
Describing all he's seen, valleys and hills,
Lakes and oceans, old rocks ascending high,
Rivers that rolled their sounding stores along,
With men and manners, climates hot and cold;
Delineating too, the enemy,
Its massive squadrons, armour, stratagems,
Its native courage, and its warlike skill;
Now dwelling on a wound, now on a shell,
Now on a warrior brave, perhaps, a Brown,
A Campbell, or some comrade's death, who dropp'd,
Perchance, while bayoneting at his side.
Thus to the reapers, calmly, he recounts,
The awful past, its horrors, and its woe.
But night steps on, and now they all disperse,
Swelling the wide fold with their loud good nights

Which echo glad abroad. The soldier walks,
Happy away, his dear old friends to see,
With those dear parents whom he left so sad
Some years ago. The tenants and their wives
Towards their cots, hie cheerful too along,
O'er winding paths that lead through cornfields large,
Or through some quiet lane that safe conducts
Their foot-steps to the threshold of their doors.
Meanwhile the sound of shutting gates, with peals
Of laughter, all indicative of joy,
And slow steps crossing stiles, with now and then,
A converse brisk, and bursts of psalmody,
Sweet trembling on the dewy breeze, are heard.
The joyous servants, with some neighbouring lads,
Still loiter on the fold. Ay there they are,
Around the horse-bench, cheerful and serene.
Various their attitudes. Some calmly sit,
Some stand erect, while others careless lean ;
Now at a tale, now at their winding horn,
Sounding the far-off hills into a song.
Bright, countless stars beam on them from above,
And she, the moon, upon their weary limbs,
Shines silvery light, glad from her dazzling brow,

But see, at once they list, a sound they hear,
Off somewhere in the moon-lit distance. Ah!
It is the sound of some poor thrifty flail,
Whirled by the arm of some true rustic, who
Has thrash'd his little stores perhaps, and has,
Perchance, consum'd his little hoard of meal,
Some days ago. Yes, thrashing there he is,
A farmer small, among the neighbouring hills.
When the young dawn lit up the sultry east,
Throwing he was, in his small mellow field,
The eager scythe, the waving corn to fall;
And toil'd along, perhaps, assiduous,
Till the red sun, his evening smile withdrew.
Yet now again, hard in his barn he works,
When all his weary neighbours lie, perchance,
Warm in their beds. Ah! hard necessity
Loud strikes his door. He labours thus so late,
Some corn towards the mill next morn to send.
Unto a peg, projecting from the wall,
A luminary dim, firmly, is stuck,
And by its light he pounds the golden sheaves.
His wife is there, and his dear eldest boy,
Who, lull'd to slumbers by the active flail,

Lies sleeping on a mellow sheaf, and dreams,
Perhaps, he climbs a thorn, the sloes to pluck ;
Or it may be a hazle bough he bends,
To snatch the nuts away. His thrifty wife
Now shakes the straw, and now her stocking knits,
Easing, with all her heart, her husband's toil.
The servants, having dwelt upon a lore
Of legends, tales, romance, and wondrous news,
Walk weary off to bed, casting a look,
Up to the silvery moon, that beaming treads
The starry blue towards her midway course.
One from the rest, howe'er, silent withdraws,
And hies away his lovely lass to see,
Who, on his borders, in a farm-house, lives
Happy, serene, a servant like himself.
Thus by his sleepy comrades unobserv'd,
Away towards th' enchanted scene he plods,
Cautious, lest some late wanderer of the night,
Among the shadows him descrying, may
Divert his aim, or some annoyance prove,
A bright gold ring, that cheering, mystic sign,
Of true fidelity, of union sweet,

Domestic joys, the boon of heaven-born love,
Of bliss, with all that sweetens human life,
Lies in his pocket tranquil and secured.
This leads him, as he goes, to muse, deeply,
On wedlock life, its sunshine, and dark clouds,
With those sweet hours when he his lass shall wed,
Nurse children up, and name them all his own.
But lo ! he stops ; foot-steps ahead he hears.
He hesitates in contemplation deep,
And, with an eagle's eye, sharp looks beyond.
Seeing an object looming on the road,
As of a reaper on his way for home,
And willing not that any curious eye
Should him detect, he climbs the dewy hedge,
And secretly into the field descends,
As if he had some mischief wrought. Along
With easy steps, now in the field he walks,
Noiseless, lest he, who occupies the road,
Hearing a sound inside the thorny hedge,
May climb, to know the import of the noise,
And him discovering there, may question him,
Or worse perhaps, give him extensive chase.
The passenger, howe'er, hearing no sound,

Harmless walks on, humming unto himself,
Something in strains compos'd, his busy mind
Dwelling, perchance, on evanescent joys,
That once into a song his language swell'd,
Or that, e'en now, warm kindled in his breast;
Or dwelling pensive, it may be, upon
Some erring steps, taken in younger years,
But which he now, the heavens implores to blot
Forever, from the record of the skies.
Having escaped, the lover quits the field,
And, on the road, again his way pursues,
Sharp stepping, the lost moments to redeem.
And now at length he on the confine stands,
Whereon his dear one sleeps, throwing about
A look, lest some intruder loitering there,
Insidious, may issue from a nook,
Nimble, his harmless aim to overthrow.
No hostile shadow there, howe'er he sees.
Tranquil, beneath the moon-shine of the skies,
The venerable house before him gleams;
Silence around it reigns. No sound is heard,
Save, softly, here and there, at intervals,
The dew-drops dribbling on the gentle leaves,

And now and then, mustering the quiet fold,
A note loquacious from the noisy sty,
With the young rippings of the busy stream,
That, winding from a hill-side near, warbles
Into the fold. Now to the building's back,
Silent, he walks, with well directed step,
Casting an eye towards the window, where,
Ere this, delighted many a time he's rapp'd.
The house-dog, waking in his shelter'd nest,
Upstarts annoy'd, and lists to ascertain
The origin of this nocturnal sound
Disturbing thus his sleepy quietude.
Looming in the dim shadow of the house,
An object dark, towards the wall, nearing,
Apparently, with avaricious steps,
He soon descrys; and, in a threat'ning voice,
On trots to scrutinize th' intruder's aim.
The object, thus suspected, proves how'er,
An old acquaintance, one he oft, has seen,
Lurk amorous about the house before.
The lover and the dog soon signs exchange
Of social gladness, and fellowship sincere.
Having in a low tone, half audible,

Shown his delight, warmly, on seeing there
The lover's honest brow, the dog retires
To reassume his nap so late disturb'd.
The lover on to the old window draws,
Lightly, and sideways leaning near a pane,
Listens to know if all is calm within.
Nothing, howe'er, he hears, save now and then,
A snore arousing the tranquillity
That universal empire holds around.
He now the window raps, soft but distinct;
Now listens to the cracklings on the stairs,
Now raps again, till at the window's pane,
Smiling, he sees the damsel of his love.
Awaken'd by his rap, the rosy lass
Adorns herself, arranges all her pins,
And with her hand her glossy hair smooths down.
Now dress'd, the stairs, she with a cautious step,
Descends, and noiseless to the window walks,
Where in the shadow, standing, she beholds
The object of her heart. Some seconds there
They spend, and then she with a steady hand,
Unlocks the door and turns her lover in.
Now both towards the well swept hearth draw on,

And loving sit upon a bench, and there
In a low tone, whispering, together chat,
Cheerful, on wedlock life, its kindred themes,
Till brightening in the east, perhaps, the dawn
Spreads in the skies another harvest morn.

Long England may thy hills and valleys teem
With golden grain, colouring the landscape wide,
In mellow hues, waving before the eye;
And never may our farmers be oppress'd.
Abundant be their crops, clothing the soil,
From hill to hill, with undulations wide,
Of plenty, cheering insects, cattle, fowls,
And every heart that throbs within our shore.
Ah! ne'er may famine be allow'd to step
Her wailing tread on our prolific soil.
Ye heavens indulgent, may our happy Isle
Enjoy your blessing, sunshine, fertile dew,
And rain in rich abundance as of yore.
E'er may the poor man, with his bosom wife,
And urchins, six or seven, or perhaps,
A wider number, prattling at his feet,
Enough procure, the produce of our Isle,
His cot to cheer, for what his simple purse

Can reach. And ever may, ye farmers, see
The untired goodness which your fields pervades;
Yea, may the crops, and sunshine of the skies,
Lead you with upward eye, to cultivate,
Due reverence, and gratitude sincere,
To Him who decks your soil; to exercise
Virtue, and gentle deeds in all your toil;
And hand withal, cheerful, your charities
To those who homeless roam about your folds.
But ah! leads not our theme the soul's keen eye,
Happy along, to some bright kindred day
That's yet unborn, but whose effulgent dawn,
Will soon wide streaking in the skies be seen,
With songs celestial, loud inviting home,
The long dispers'd, the virtuous and the brave?
Oh! yes it does. It leads the thought away
Exulting, on th' unwearied wing of faith,
To that transcendent harvest day beyond,
When all, who sought a better home, shall be,
Like scatter'd sheaves, collected, borne aloft,
By hands seraphic to the abode of peace,
And there, 'mid hallelujahs, laid with joy,
To beam the centre of their love around.

The mariner, whose relics now are toss'd,
Roughly, upon the surging billow's crest,
From deep to deep, shall see that day.
The warrior too, who dropt upon the field
While hard contending for his country's rights
And his Creator's laws, shall come that day,
Smiling, to his reward. He now perhaps,
Lies tranquil, in a solitary grave,
On some sequest'erd cliff, near where he fell,
Unshelter'd, and unheeded too, perhaps,
By all save by th' indulgent parent who
Watches for aye, the offspring of his care;
Save by wild flowers that wave their redolence
Around his tomb, on each returning spring,
And by at times, perhaps, a woodland bird,
That, on his dim grave-stone alights, and there,
Half conscious of the sacred dust below,
Warbles away, sweetly, his songs of thanks.
Yet, when that Harvest Day shall flush the skies,
He'll quit his tomb with joy ineffable.
Then too, children and parents, sisters dear,
Brothers affectionate, and lovers true,
With venerable friends, who, when on earth,

Full many an hour, cheerful together pass'd,
Shall once again behold each other's brow,
Shake joyful hands, and part, perhaps, no more.
Hail England, country of societies,
Thou land of bibles, second earthly Canaan,
Where heaven-born love and grand tranquillity,
Freedom, and social joys, together dwell,
In harmony, beneath a smiling heaven,
Much hast thou wrought, thou sympathizing Isle,
Eying through faith the advent of that Day,
Diffusing knowledge, bibles too, abroad,
And stedfast watching on the hills of hope,
Undaunted, for the salutary good,
That healing from thy toil, might issue forth.
Come throw a glance to Afric's sandy plains,
Her sun-burnt tribes; to India with her host;
Old China and her ancient multitudes,
And islands too, wash'd by the swelling seas;
These regions once in moral darkness swam,
Seeking a coast they knew not rightly where;
But ne'er could they by reason's devious arms
Pull to the haven of celestial day;

Brahma and countless deities their boast,
Having no other helms to steer their course.
But now, behold how many an anthem sweet,
Thrilling, ascends to our abode above,
From those benighted portions of the earth ;
How many a one his little brood collects,
Loving together, his wife and children dear,
And servants too, perhaps, to read with joy,
The Sacred Word, converse about their home,
Their journey, and the cross-roads on the way,
And then, lowly, to bow before the throne,
To supplicate their parent in the skies,
For blessings various, resting all their hope,
Unshaken, on the oracles divine.
But whence those adorations, whence those songs,
Sounding abroad their sweet devotions now ;
And whence those missionary stations, that,
Travelling like suns, disperse their moral gloom ;
Whence all the priests who, loudly on their hills,
Announce the advent of eternal life ;
And whence those schools wherein their urchins read,
Thankful, for endless honours in the skies ?
Are they not, dear Old England, the effects,



Happy, resulting from thy christian toil,
Thy bibles, love, and thy societies,
Attended by Omnipotence, watering
The tender seed with heaven's renewing dew?
Ah! England, labour on again. Countries,
And kingdoms, that in heathen darkness sit,
With their unletter'd tribes, still call on thee,
Solicitous, for that true knowledge which
The soul directs to endless joys above.
Oh! listen to their voice, and lend them aid,
Invade their regions with the bible's light,
And lead them to the truth. Refuse them not.
To see a host of colour'd brethren saved,
Eternally, in yon last Harvest Day,
Will be no trifling recompense to thee.
Sad obstacles, indeed, like Alpine heights,
Towering may rise, but be not thou dismay'd.
Valleys and mountains still untaught there are,
Hamlets and towns, and mighty cities too,
Where the true gospel's light has never shone;
But love and truth, rejoicing, shall at last,
Pervade the earth and lead it back to God.
Ye affluent, whose melting bosoms pant,

Incessantly, for better scenes around,
Whose eyes look anxious onward to the dawn,
When knowledge shall, with virtue, love and peace,
Reign universal o'er the various earth,
Your charities, still with a liberal hand,
Among the millions yet untaught disperse;
And show by noble actions that will ring
In yonder heavens, how deeply you can feel
With those who live in ignorance and want.
And thou poor man, with thy young thrifty wife,
And rosy children, clust'ring round thy feet,
Toiling triumphant o'er the sloughs of time,
Canst, with thy hard-earn'd mite, example pure,
And intercessions heavenward ascending,
Contribute too, to many a neighbour's bliss,
And pagan too, perhaps, whose sun-stained cheeks,
Thou never hast beheld, and never wilt,
Perhaps, till he and thou together meet,
Tranquil, on hills beyond the paths of stars.
Though indigent, thy mission ne'er forget.
Ye rich, ye poor, monarchs and subjects too,
Ah! let us prove a blessing to our race;
Not by assuming boastful to ourselves,

Prerogatives injurious to our aim,
Not by assailing one another's deeds,
Intentions, sanctities, and way of toil,
Or dragging brethren to the stake, and there,
Amid the solemn sighs of earth and heaven,
Secure them to the post with horrid links,
To vanish weeping in the crackling flames,
Because their views are not so genuine,
Effective, and so popular as ours ;
But by extending, with avidity,
In a calm spirit, Christian like, the bounds
Of knowledge, virtue, happiness, and love,
Watching the skies for that auspicious dawn
To beam abroad, when yonder angels bright,
With songs, and laurels for the sower's brow,
The orby ether, dazzling, will descend,
To labour in the LAST GREAT HARVEST DAY.

EDITH AND EDWIN.

There was a girl some years ago,
Who loved a young man true,
And innocently thought no less,
But that he loved her too.

Her name was Edith, Edwin his,
And both were in their bloom ;
Though neither had a fortune great,
Each had a smiling home.

Each cheerfully with parents liv'd,
Hard on a Welsh-land brook,
And quite so near, that they could see,
Each other's chimney smoke.

Young Edwin by his father was
Trained up to hold the plough,
While Edith was instructed in
The knowledge of the cow.

The sunny vale in which they liv'd
Was proud of such a pair ;
For they were gentle, thrifty, kind,
Amiable and fair.

Oft walk'd they at the close of day
Their valley steep along,
In playful moods, with loving smiles,
Cheer'd by the streamlet's song.

With young warm hearts, for three years long
They loved each other true ;
And 'twas their wish to love like this,
In all their toils below.

But as they were nigh bordering on
The sweets of wedlock life,
A mariner from India came
Home for to see his wife.

This man and Edwin were true friends, .
But sad it is to say,
Their social ties led Edwin now
On erring steps astray.

Yes, Edwin soon forsook the plough
With every righteous road,
And loved the way that drunkards trod,
And sought their vile abode.

In Church again he ne'er was seen
Upon the Sabbath day;—
And ne'er sought he, as heretofore
To serve his God and pray.

Neither again went he to see
The girl he'd loved so true,
The Edith once prized far beyond,
The riches of Peru.

This solemn change was such, alas!
As Edith ne'er could brave,
It bruised her heart and brought her down
Into an early grave.

A mile or two from where she liv'd,
And on a hill there stood,
A little Church with belfry white
Surrounded by a wood.

Outside the walls of this old Church
Edith was laid to sleep,
Amidst the sorrows of her friends
Who mournfully did weep.

Her pastor dear a sermon preach'd
Unto his flock one night,
And kindly spoke of her good name,
With sorrow and delight.

The children whom she oft had taught
Ran on the Sabbath day,
To see the spot where she reposed,
And there they loved to stay.

Some eve before her spirit fled
She call'd her mother dear,
And slowly whisper'd thus to her,
"Go bring my work-box here."

Her mother soon brought her the box
And placed it at her side,
But ah! when Edith saw it there
The tears began to glide.


Unto her mother then she said,
"I have some locks of hair
That once I stole from Edwin's head
When I to him was dear."

"In this they are but mother mind,
I wish them earnestly,
When I am not, when I am dead,
Be all interr'd with me."

"My hours are up, I soon shall leave,
This flatt'ring world behind,
And pass away to that calm shore,
Where love is ne'er unkind."

"Ah! mother shed no tears for me,
I only go before,
A morn or two, and we again,
Shall meet to part no more."

"Adieu! till then, I'll not forget
To mark your footsteps here;
Nor will I cease to watch and wait
For your arrival there."



Edwin howe'er cared not for this,
Till chance, one summer day,
Across a Churchyard led his path,
Where many a maiden lay.

As o'er the sacred ground he pass'd
A flower in its bloom,
Soon caught his eye, soon led his step,
Towards a new carv'd tomb.

Upon this tomb he soon descry'd
The name of one he knew ;
'Twas Edith's name, whom once he lov'd
Wet with the evening dew.

While gazing there, the stone he thought,
Wept tears before his eyes,
And whisper'd too, " Ah ! Edwin here,
Here Edith calmly lies."

At this sad scene, deeply he sigh'd,
And weeping hung his head,
And mus'd awhile upon the past
And on the future dread.

As thus he stood, he thought he heard,
Footsteps approach the ground ;
But all was silent, all was still,
There was not heard a sound :—

Save the sweet notes of some lone thrush
Which warbled forth her lays
Of evening thanks, on some hawthorn,
To him beyond the skies.

The sun was set, the moon was up,
And stars a lonely few,
Were now emerging from the east,
And on the grass was dew.

Thus night grew on, but satisfied
No living man was nigh,
He sat him down on Edith's tomb,
And to himself did say :—

“ Ah ! Parent wise, who canst forgive
A child that's prone to stray,
O heal my heart, and let me rest
Beneath a pardoning ray.”

“ And lead me, lead me, with thine hand,
Safe to the land of light,
Where no one errs, where Edith dwells,
On hills forever bright.

With tears he left the Churchyard then,
And sighing sought his home;
But soon, alas! silent he lay
Near Edith's new-carved tomb.

THE LAND OF MY BOYHOOD.

Thy hills and thy valleys,
Thy wells and thy streams,
Dear land of my boyhood,
Still sweeten my dreams.

Thy pine and thy poplar,
Thy ash and oak tree,
With branches out-spreading,
Full often I see.

Thy stiles and thy hedges,
Thy cross-roads as well,
Are all to me dearer,
Than language can tell.

Like a bird of the woodland,
That strays from its nest,

I have wander'd, dear Country,
Away from thy breast.

This landscape is foreign,
And strange is the sod,
But this is still cheering,
'Tis the land of my God.

Then why should I sorrow,
And drop a sad tear,
Since a sunshine celestial,
Beams forth even here.

But with happy emotions
While I stray the green earth,
My heart delights thinking
Of the land of my birth.

Wherever I travel,
Wherever I roam,
Some way or the other
I call thee my home.

THIS SPOT IS EDEN.

Saw you my love,
Somewhere a grove,
So beautiful as this?
Here songs of gladness
Disperse all sadness,
And breezes blow,
Against the brow,
Softly, a cloud of scent,
Soothing and redolent;
It is a bower of bliss.

Now thrilling anthems, loud and clear
From woodland warblers strike our ear,
Most exquisitely sweet;
While roses countless in their bloom,
Spreading abroad a rich perfume,
Laugh joyful at our feet.

Ah! you my dear,
My heart's desire,
This spot is Eden,
And we are bidden
To sit awhile,
And with a smile,
To love each other here.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

The winter wild with all its snow,
Is nearly past and gone,
The sternest frost is melting too,
Away before the sun.

Another spring is on the way,
Exulting with a store
Of countless buds all sweet and gay;
'Tis smiling at our door.

The merry swain now plods along
Joyous behind his plough,
Rolling about the sod with song,
His early seed to sow.

The blackbird, robin, wren, and thrush,
Hold concerts in the vale;
Their carols thrill from many a bush,
Enchanting on the gale.

Sweet flowers, as well, begin to toss
Their bushy heads to view,
Adorning many a lonely moss
With blooming garments new.

A fresh creation clothes the brows
Of mountain, hill, and glen,
And gladness like a river flows,
In torrents sweet to men.

Hail! gentle Spring, for thee we wait,
O virgin come away;
We hail thee as the grandest type
Of man's great rising day!

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Two maidens, quite mournful, resorted together,
At sun-set one evening, in fine summer weather,
To the shade of a hawthorn, and sat there alone
To unburden their bosom when labour was done.

It was the best eve they had e'er seen before,
The ox made the valleys ring loud with his roar,
And the boy of the hamlet blew songs in his horn,
As there they sat talking beneath the hawthorn.

The red setting sun and the cool of the day
And the sound of blithe rivers that round them did play;
Invited the maidens, both lovely and fair,
To the banquet of nature and sport away there.

But one of them soon, with a tear from her eye,
And a breath from her bosom this story did say,
"My lover has fallen with sabre in hand
While fighting the battles of Britain's dear land.

Yes, far from his home, in a far foreign part,
They have wrench'd from my bosom the friend of my heart
And left me deep wounded my loss to deplore,
Ah! dearest of lovers, I'll see thee no more.

His body reposes beneath a hot breeze,
On the banks of the Alma, beyond the blue seas,
Where the sods of the strangers press hard on his face
And Tartars tread on it as onward they pass.


No more shall I see him till far, far away,
Beyond those pale stars, I behold him in day,
Where sabre and rifle both cease to shed blood,
Where friends and true lovers all meet in their God."

THE FISHERMAN.

On a grey cliff's brow, o'er the waves below,
One Autumn eve I lay,
Just as the sun, when his course was done,
Withdrew his evening ray.

A cooling breeze, soft from the seas,
Low whisper'd o'er my head,
And many a gull, with an anxious pull,
Away to its lodgings fled.

While sitting there, and half in prayer,
A fisherman I saw,
In a small boat, near the rock afloat,
On the heaving waves below.



And there alone, without a moan,
He toil'd in his rough tarr'd coat
Mending his net, while the waters beat,
Around his little boat.

A flash of light gleam'd on my sight,
And a wreath of smoke ascended,
Some blue, some dark, from his shivering bark,
When his shatter'd net was mended.

With pipe in mouth he then pull'd forth,
Some furlongs o'er the deep,
To net some fish, for his supper's dish,
Ere home he would row to sleep.

Meanwhile his wife with all her life
The fire made brighter burn,
And the tranquil cot look a neater spot
To welcome his return.

ON SEEING A HAWTHORN THAT HAD
BEEN CUT DOWN.

Ah! much it wounds my heart, hawthorn,
To see thee prostrate there,
Dying in thy sweet dress of bloom,
Like some young maiden fair.

Perhaps some lovers fond and true,
Full many a time ere this
Have been beneath thy branches broad
Exchanging many a kiss.

Birds too, perhaps, ere this have flown
At eve most cheerfully,
From cornfields far towards thy boughs
To close their wings in thee.

Thou art, howe'er, no more for them
A bush of sweet repose ;
Ah ! no hawthorn, thy years are past,
Thy life has seen its close.

When lover next and bird will come,
With joyous hearts within,
To visit thee, they'll only find
The place where thou hast been.

Ah ! oft like this some friends I miss
When in their manhood bloom,
I look around, but they're not found,—
They slumber in the tomb.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A COLLECTION MADE
FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

Ye spirits, who forever watch our steps,
Saw ye from your ethereal, glorious heights,
Those plates which pass'd from hand to hand this morn,
In that neat room, collecting, in one sum;
The charities of those who sympathize
With the poor children of our native soil?
It was a joyful scene, a pleasing sight,
And, doubtless, such as made the poor man laugh.
Ye spirits, dropp'd ye not a sunny smile
Of approbation, warm upon those hearts,
That forward came to push the glorious work
Of education on? But let us pause
And cast a look abroad. How many a year
Has pass'd away beyond the hills of time,
Since last we saw this generous deed perform'd?
And yet within the precincts of this year,

Collections several, have been made, to send,
And to disseminate, the cheering light
Of knowledge sweet, beyond the swelling wave,
Inside old China's walls, or Hindoo hills,
On Afric's burning deserts, where the roar
Of lions roll along the scorching plains.
Ye Britons brave, and can it be our place,
To sail abroad, across the billows wild,
A proselyte to make, in distant lands,
And overlook our homes in the attempt?
Are there no shoeless, friendless boys now seen,
Daily before our eyes, and at our doors,
Wandering about, without the means or will,
To educate themselves? Parents, perhaps,
Such children have; but ignorant they are
And indigent, and quite incompetent,
The need to see of education good,
Or to appreciate its worth, being
Untaught themselves. Ye lovers true of man,
Who well the price of knowledge know, and who
Can help, by various means, by various deeds,
The sons of want, forget ye not the poor;
For all the needy for instruction look,

Enquiringly, to you. Refuse them not,
For he who advocates the poor man's cause,
Hereafter shall a crown of laurels wear,
And amply be repaid. And even now,
Perhaps, far on the blue Atlantic waves,
Some lad, on the clean deck of his black barque,
Beneath a sunshine hot, reads o'er some book,
And supplicates a blessing on the roof
Of those dear friends, who by their willing aid,
Taught him to read so well. While in the fields,
Perchance, some rosy maiden in her bloom,
Sits down among the yellow sheaves of corn,
And, with a smile, breathes forth her gratitude,
To those sweet ladies who for her schooling paid.
O may the morn auspicious dawn, when we,
Shall feel, not only for the Indian wild,
But for the indigent as well, who toil,
In want, hard on our borders, at our doors.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

In summer time and winter,
I've wander'd o'er this hill,
But never without casting
An eye at thee blithe rill.

I see no shrub adorn thee,
No difference where I turn,
Save here and there a furze-crop,
A heath-bush and some fern.

Yet here content thou warblest
Unmindful of the soil,
Incessantly refreshing,
The weary sons of toil.

Ah ! many a rosy maiden
Has oft return'd from thee,
Bearing upon her shoulders
Thy waters for her tea.

And many a swain has doubtless
Drank from thy crystal stream,
As homewards he has plodded
Beneath a sunshine beam.

I have a lovely damsel,
One truly dear to me,
She lives in a neat cottage
Not far sweet rill from thee.

I'll take her out most cheerful,
And lovingly this way,
Across this little mountain,
To visit thee some day.

We'll come with hearts united
And loiter here awhile
To listen to thy torrents
Gush from this craggy pile.


I know she'll be delighted
With thy dear warbling song,
And with perhaps the lover
Who takes her thus along.

THE FRENCHMAN'S GRAVE.

Calm on a hill which overhangs
The blue and boisterous surf
Of Fishguard Bay, a Frenchman lies,
Beneath a shrubless turf.

From Gaul he came in ships of war
In seventeen ninety seven,
And landed arm'd on Pen-care cliffs
To plunder house and haven.

But short the race, and rough the way,
The stranger had to run;
For soon he fell beneath the ball
Of some brave Welshman's gun.



And there they laid his careworn corpse,
Regardless of all pains ;—
No friend was near to drop a tear,
Over his cold remains.

Who were his parents none could tell,
But parents fond and dear,
He must have had, but they ne'er thought,
He was to slumber there.

On mischief bent he was, and hence,
No sculptur'd slab there tells
The name, the date, the parentage ;
Forgotten quite he dwells.

The sod that shields his mouldering bones
Looks solitary drear ;
But the shrill sound of the last trump,
Will reach him even here.

Oh ! yes, though on a sterile cliff,
And quite alone he lies,
He'll quit its rubbish yet some morn,
To tread yon glowing skies.

PATIENCE.

Our battlings with sorrow,
And leanings to wrong,
With all our heart-breakings,
Will cease before long.

Then joyous we'll travel,
In patience, till night,
To the land of the blest-ones
With its hill-sides in sight.

A sun without setting
Will soon shine on high,
On us in a country,
Where we shall ne'er sigh.

L A N D O N .

Ah ! when I read one evening,
How Landon left her home,
And found beyond the ocean,
An early distant tomb,
Among the sun-burnt Negroes,
Below an Afric sky,
My heart was touch'd with sorrow,
My bosom with a sigh.

Sweet sang she here in England,
Sweet tun'd she here her lyre,
She struck it with a finger,
Full of a poet's fire ;

But ah ! she long has left us,
We'll hear her strains no more
Till we shall hear her anthems
On the celestial shore.

Ah ! you, ye seats of England,
Ah ! you, ye tranquil halls,
Deep are the sighs of sorrow
When such a minstrel falls ;
Oh ! yes, when dies the poet
Even the lowly moss,
The stream, the vale, and woodland,
Seem conscious of a loss.

Yes, lonely lies our London
Beneath the sands away,
Where here and there the palm-trees
Their sultry tops display ;
Yet she will leave some morning,
With songs, her distant rest,
And take her seat seraphic
Among her kindred blest.

Till then ye far-off roses,
That grow near Landon's tomb,
Surround it with your odours,
And deck it with your bloom ;
And you ye sun-tinged breezes,
That traverse Afric skies,
Waft down your desert fragrance,
And loiter where she lies.

THOUGHTS ON MY WAY TO CHURCH.

The Crescent shone bright in the heaven so fair,
As I on my way did to Vespers repair,
My thoughts were turn'd upwards to Him who sustains
All in heaven and earth, on seas, and on plains.

I look'd on the sky with her rich spangled face,
As an emblem of Him whose attire is all grace;
I look'd on the sea with its waves rough and chill,
Then thought upon Him who said, "Peace, be still."

The sheep on the hill its restime well knows,
And man too from labour finds rest in repose;
I thought of the bird which had gone to its nest,
And then upon Him who found nowhere to rest.

Where'er my eye turned to the sea or the land,
I could trace but His works by whose goodness they stand;
My mind and my soul within me were awed,
As I thought on the greatness and works of the Lord.

A WINTER'S EVENING.

Here steals the frost, here blows the blast,
Both from Siberia's plains,
Both from the distant, shivering north,
Where lie old cold's domains.

Across the heath they ruthless drive,
Wrapp'd in their own attire ;
Old nature hears the icy tramp,
And draws towards the fire.

They nip and roar with polar might,
Heeding no quality ;
Beggar and king they haunt alike,
They have no sympathy.

But this, alas ! is not the whole,
Behold the heroes now,
From ice-berg hills they hurl abroad
A cloud of boisterous snow.

The hills and vales, and naked trees,
Are now adorn'd in white,
And rivulets that loudly humm'd,
Are chill'd out of our sight.

Our cots and hedges, walks and roads,
Assume another form,
While herds and warblers look abroad,
For shelter from the storm.

E'en now a redbreast on a bush,
Heaving a sigh, I see ;
He has no house, he has no home,
Where can his lodgings be ?

Ah ! warbler sweet, wing in thy way,
And here our comforts share,
Willing we are not thou should'st die,
A lodgeless songster there.

Now dearest, you my only one,
My laurel and my crown,
Whose image sweet by love's young hand,
Deep on my heart is drawn.

Let's nurse our little friendly fire
To such a rousing roar,
As will compel this wintry blast
To dread our cottage door.

For winter has set in to-night
With such a cloud of snow,
That nothing short of Ætna's top
Can shield us from its blow.

Though hard it snows and wild it blows,
No care shall wound our breast;
For on that word, thou shall not want,
We'll let our whole to rest.

When tea is o'er, and work is done,
We'll to our library,
Unshelve our books, and read some scraps
Of prose and poetry.

Yes, thus among our best old friends,
We'll sit around the hearth,
And cheerful chat our time away
In intellectual mirth.

Yet on the summit of this joy,
A tear for him we'll shed,
Who shoeless wanders o'er the snow
Without a crust of bread.

And if a beggar come this night,
Cold, tatter'd, homeless, poor,
And knock on us, his limbs shall find
A welcome at our door.

We'll turn him in and ask him on
To warm his frost-bit feet,
And smiling set before him too,
A crust or two to eat.

Though love is rare, and friends are few
We'll show him one short proof,
That charity still blooms beneath
This unassuming roof.

We'll treat him as a brother would,
And bid him with us stay,
Till orient streaks will crown us with
Another new born day.

And if there throb in his bare breast
A heart that's warm and free,
We'll talk away, till we arrive,
At his biography.

If time has made him mute and sad,
We'll bid him rise and cheer;
We'll tell him how the birds once flew
To serve a hungry seer.

We'll show him too, that birds again,
In man's extremity,
May stretch their wings to serve with joy
The sons of poverty.

He shall not leave, O, no before
He has a small supply
To bear him on with his poor bag,
Rejoicing on his way.

Because we may, for ought we know,
Behold him after this,
Among the brave who swell the song,
Upon the banks of bliss.

THE GIRL INSIDE THE HEDGE.

While on my way for home one eve,
A girl I saw, as I walk'd by,
Inside a hedge, in a small nook,
A tear, I thought, dropp'd from her eye.

The hedge which stood between us was
O'ergrown with brambles, thorns, and fern,
And therefore there we could not well,
Each other's countenance discern.

Hence, secretly, between two thorns,
I climbed, to know what she did there;
For I suspected by her looks,
She was in trouble or at prayer.

Ah! there the lovely maiden stood,
Beside her milk-pail and her cow,
Sighing, alone, while sorrow's drop
Stream'd mournfully adown her brow.

A lover was, perhaps, the cause
Of that deep sigh, of that sad tear,
A lover who lay then, perchance,
Beneath a grassy sod somewhere.

Or ah! perhaps a mother was
The reason she thus hung her head,
A mother newly torn from home,
And laid to slumber with the dead.

Leaving her there beside her pail,
Lamenting home I trod my way,
And thought she look'd like a flower sweet
Hurt by a thoughtless blast in May.

A VISIT TO THE CHAMBER OF AFFLICTION.

To visit one, who aged on her bed,
Lay smitten with affliction's sickly hand,
One Autumn evening, with the man of God,
The pastor of the parish, virtuous man,
One eye who sought how to alleviate
Pain, and a solace to administer,
To those hard verging on the tomb, I went.
The rippling murmurs of the woodland streams,
Were tranquil chiming on the evening breeze,
The sun was lowering lovely in the west,
And the tired reaper with his weary scythe,
Towards his ivy cot, was plodding slow,
As away together we left our home.
Talking we went, along a winding path,
Over stiles, cross'd by many a passenger,
Till to the dwelling of the sick we came.

Near to the cot, humm'd loud a little stream,
Stealing away its shrubby banks between,
And teaching us, as to the waves it strayed,
That we ourselves were on a pilgrimage,
And, after many a barrier, many a bend,
Winding through ills of time, should reach at last,
The far-off coast of yon eternity.

Into the house we walk'd, and sat where lay
She that was on the bed of pain, sighing,
With care-worn wrinkles of long eighty years,
Deep furrow'd on her sunken, wither'd cheeks,
While the sad thoughts of dissolution hung,
Darkly, over her wide awaken'd breast.

Near to her bed a little table stood,
And on it pale the slender taper burn'd.

But soon the pastor on his christian deed
Entered, the anxious spirit's troubled thought
That on its distant home was nearing heard,
Safe to a tranquil refuge to conduct.

Upon the past he dwelt, on her career,
Its nooky turnings, sterile barrenness,
Her privileges to improve the heart,
Dropp'd down by heaven's indulgent hand, kindly,

In sweet profusion, privileges dear,
 Which, like oases in a desert land,
 Amply produced a verdure to her soul,
 With healing waters too, that would if drunk,
 Bestow at last, one long eternal life.
 But all, alas! unwoo'd, were left to wing,
 Whither they would, like shadows o'er a hill,
 Ne'er to invite on earth return again.
 Leaving the height of Sinai's cloudy mount,
 Horeb with its environs smoking dark,
 And the sad thunders of the searching law,
 Longer he dwelt, and sweeter, sweeter far,
 On those dear scenes, Old Canaan's hills and vales,
 The winding paths, once by a Saviour trod.
 On faith's sure wings her thought he bore away,
 To Olives' sloping side, where suffering found
 Utterance, in blood that to th' astonish'd earth,
 Trickled in drops from our Redeemer's brow;
 Thence crossing Kidron, with its narrow vale,
 He her enquiring spirit show'd the spot,
 A hill-side ground, hard on Jerusalem,
 "Without the camp," where died the Lamb of God,

Bidding her there, the tragic scene to view,
Which brought salvation from Jehovah's side,
And cast her anchor, sure beyond yon skies,
Where devastating tempests rage no more,
And billows cease their troubled waves to roll.
Humbly, we there commemorated then,
Him, who, by dealing death a deadly blow,
On Calvary, that once astonished hill,
The ancient wall which drove her threatening height,
Frowning, between us and the smile of God,
Annihilated, and triumphing,
Procured for man an everlasting way,
Into the bosom of the Deity.
Leaving the sick, in the indulgent hands
Of Him, who ne'er chastises but to heal,
We left the house and homewards trod our way,
Together, till we reach'd a certain nook,
Where parting, each pursued a separate path.
With quicken'd step, the pastor to the left,
Wended his way towards the parsonage,
Which, laurelled round with hospitable trees,
Stood tranquil on a slowly sloping hill;
While on beneath the moon's pale silvery ray,

Which o'er the eastern hills newly had crept,
Towards my cottage, musing too, I hied,
Where beam'd the eye of her I love most dear.
But long of her, who, sighing on her bed,
Afflicted lay, I thought. Her days were spent,
Unprofitable, while each Sabbath morn,
E'en at her door, were heard the notes of bells
Which joyous to her recollections brought
The hour of prayer, the hour to seek her God.
No intercourse sought she with Him above,
The Great Dispenser of the sweets of life,
Our Father, till descending hard she was,
Sorrowing, to the melancholy vale,
Whose grassy sod over the dead grows green.
Oh! thou ingratitude severe, is this
The recompense that's tender'd to the skies,
A life unfruitful, borne down to old age,
Drooping with ripeness, like a shock of corn.
Ah! what return for blessings shower'd down,
Countless, as dew-drops on a summer's morn,
Received, enjoy'd, while sojourning below.
Ye, who, in affluence, sail with the tide
Of earth's enjoyments, rapidly along,

Assisted by the breezes pleasure blows ;
And ye, who, in the shades of indigence,
Struggle away, with stern solicitude,
Want's oft returning hunger to defeat ;
Ye mothers, blossoms of our dear lov'd Isle,
Ye who no higher live than this poor earth,
Ah ! pause awhile and weigh the subject well.
Will ye neglect the one transcendent point,
The point of points, the spirit's endless weal ?
Will ye not seek betimes the house of prayer,
The path pursue that winds its way to life,
And Him approach, whose bosom yearns to save,
Spreading before his eye the very care,
That ever and anon destroys the bliss,
Which you, with deviating vigour, chase ?
Or will ye sojourn here on earth, heedless,
Till you discover to your startling thought
You stand on time's receding precipice,
Trembling, the world darkening your backs behind
And the blue billows of eternity,
Sounding their solemn murmurs at your feet ?
Ah ! post we not incessantly along,
To that event when we the earth no more

Shall stray, when we shall lay us down,
Among the sleepers in the land of death,
Down with our fathers, side by side, and there,
Still as the sod that shields their weary limbs,
Await the rising of our sacred dust.
And can you rush on this religionless,
Without a hope, weeping the unknown way,
Into the presence of the Deity?
How happy those who tread the virtuous path,
Who, nursing offspring, point them out the way,
True honours to achieve, where piety,
With gentle hand diffuses odours sweet,
And round our steps celestial bloom bestrews.
Sons and daughters they rear to sweep, perchance,
The strings of harps on yonder heavenly hills,
And vicing there with soft seraphic notes,
Extol the Lamb in one eternal strain.
Behold a mother, she who constant eyes
A home invisible, see how she toils,
Believing, aided by the power of prayer,
To place her children's inexperienced feet,
Travelling, on the sure way that terminates
Inside the veil, within the walls of heaven.

And watch her close, when death's cold hand draws near,
How on her dying pillow, calm she lies;
And how composed her confidence in God;
Ah! strong it stands, unmarred by unbelief;
'Tis like a rock unshaken by the storm.
Her offspring dear, whose thrilling voices once,
Lodged in her heart full many a joyous chord,
Weeping approach to see their mother die.
On their behalf to heaven an eye she lifts,
To Him whose counsel bore her on her way,
And blessing them, a long adieu she looks,
But looks it ripe with faith, then parts in peace,
Borne by angels to the sweet home above.
Once more behold her on the hills of light,
Tranquil, at rest, in company with one,
Who, like herself, was once a pilgrim here,
Perhaps her husband, who enquiries makes,
Concerning those left travelling still on earth,
And shows her the wide landscape of the skies,
Its sunny vales and hills in ever green,
Lifting his finger oft to point her out,
The varied beauty which delights the scene.
But see, they pause; near where they reach'd their home,

The thrilling sound of melody they hear,
Music peculiar, borne by heavenly winds.
Delighted with the soft enchanting strain,
Along a flowery path, thither they wend,
To learn the import of so sweet a note.
But as they move, perceiving that the sound
Draws on to meet them on their way, they stop,
And there reposing on a bloomy bank,
To the advances of the harmony,
They listen, overcome with songs divine.
And watching there, their child, perhaps, they see,
Newly arrived to the celestial land,
Among a throng of cherubim who play,
Their harps sweet string'd, announcing their approach.
Uprising swift, the parents rush with joy,
To hail him to the haunts of Deity.
And oh ! what shaking there of hands we see ;
Let angel's pen describe the rapturous scene,
A task too high for earthly hand to do.
The proud in heart, may our religion scorn,
But we will woo her as we journey on,
Eying the bliss to which she joyous leads.
'Tis she alone can shed a tranquil light,

As through the vale of death we tread our way.
The christian oft 'tis true, losing his path,
May err, and wander many a weary league.
Where lived the happy man, where breathes he now,
Who never knew a step incautious made,
Which to his chamber drove him with his tears,
And bleeding sighs, to sorrow o'er the past;
Or kneeling, drew him to the throne of grace,
Where ne'er a troubl'd heart appeals in vain,
And there repenting, wrestle with his God,
Till on the wounded breast, blessings would drop,
Renewing him with strength to run again,
The holy race that aye conducts our steps,
O'er time's rough way, secure to Zion's ground?
But should the heaven bound pilgrim's devious steps
Be the poor reason, why inert you stand,
Why you the narrow path have not begun?
In all their sojournings on earth, stoutly,
They combat, the immortal crown to win;
And though at times the heart proud enemy
May see them prostrate, wounded at his side,
Again they rise, again contest the ground.
But where toil ye? Pitch'd ye a battle e'er,

The head of some insidious sin to bruise?
Held ye a converse, ever with your God,
Talking about the welfare of the soul,
A hiding place, where dwell secure you may,
When earth no more shall hear you tread her soil?
Ah! mothers dear, why will ye loitering stand,
Obdurate, on the soil of unbelief,
Hard at the point of death's destructive sting,
Your souls no higher soaring than the sod,
Whereon towards the tomb ye worthless toil.
Behold ye not some sympathizing hand,
Within the circuit of your daily walk,
Inviting you, the path of peace to tread?
And see ye not, how ever willing He,
Who long the waning light permits to burn,
A trembling prodigal, is to admit?
Oh! let's believing touch the bells of heaven,
And supplicate the dear renewing ray,
That lights the wanderer homewards to his God.

The skies to thank, with one united tongue,
For blessings countless, when the sabbath has,
Tranquil, diffused her orient rays abroad,
Inviting nature, with the voice of love,
A day of rest, and worshipping to hold.
And 'twill, hereafter, be, perhaps, your theme,
To learn how Britain, with a dauntless breast,
Met the proud Romans' sharp and warring steel,
The Saxons rude and devastating Danes,
With cruel Normans, swarms of ruthless tribes ;
To acquaint yourself with her vicissitudes,
Her Reformation, that long desired change,
That on her shone, like some auspicious star,
Dispersing darkness and restoring light
Gladdening, to the green valleys of our sires ;
To sound her Revolution's cause, closely,
And that which stirred a blood so truly brave,
To wars of Roses, conflicts awful dire,
Internal feuds which knew no civil bounds,
Contests that stain'd her venerable plains,
With the pure blood of her victorious sons.
Her deathless deeds in lands beyond the waves,
Those hard won victories, in the defence,

Oh! no, 'twas Father took her home,
Yes, in the arms of love,
To deck the vale that's far away,
To bloom with him above.

We weep, we weep, but should we weep?
Oh! no; let's cease to sorrow;
We journey on and shall perchance,
Bloom there with her tomorrow.

PENSLADE.

What hill so fair, Penslade, as thee,
On whose romantic brow,
I've wander'd oft amid old rocks,
That breast the waves below?

Whene'er I loiter on thy cliffs,
To muse on scenes around,
There hums about thy craggy sides,
A sweet harmonious sound.

Full oft from thy old banks I've heard
The long extended oar,
Loud dip in the blue wave below,
As sailors row'd to shore.

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Oft glowing, too, have I observ'd
The large and silvery moon,
Creep up over Llanllawer's top,
While wandering here alone.

Here urchins roam in countless crowds
Without a tear or sigh,
And lovers young full often meet
To talk sweet hours away.

Here travellers too may oft be seen,
Quite stripp'd of manhood's bloom,
And lost in thought as if they mused
On some far better home.

'Twas somewhere here our blooms of yore,
Whose courage nought could quench,
Like warriors mov'd in scarlet shawls,
To meet th' invading French.

Hail! brownny, craggy, slumbering hill,
Thy name shall die no more,
While there is left a heart that loves
Our old Britannia's shore.

THE OLD PATHWAY.

Of on this path, this time worn path,
Barren with footprints grown,
I've met, towards the close of day,
One dear, whose inward sigh
Deep heav'd and blended with my own.

O how delighted were we then,
Beneath the moon's sweet ray,
And how our hearts united loved,
As we together stray'd,
Winding along the old pathway.

Here many a time, I've heard, at eve,
The ever gentle thrush,
With all the joyfulness of song,
Warbling her woodland strains,
Secure on some yon blooming bush.

And oft I've loiter'd on its stiles,
With pensive thoughts, and long,
Listening to the industrious bees,
Toiling among the blooms,
While travelling on the wing of song.

I've listen'd to their humming note
Till oft a thrilling thought,
Up through the sun-lit, tranquil skies,
To yon celestial hills,
On sounds harmonious, would be caught.

Oft too, upon the sabbath morn,
I've overtaken here,
The man of God with silvery locks,
And looks that told him kind,
Hieing towards the house of prayer.

THE ROAD IN THE WEST.

Ah! well I remember the road in the west,
That winds from a town o'er a Welsh mountain's breast,
Along the green banks of the sweet silvery Gwain,
To the hall of the yeoman, the hut of the swain.

Full oft have I trod it in sunshine all bright,
To muse away pensive with inward delight,
On woodlands and mountains, old rocks, ocean blue,
And vessels on gliding with white sails in view.


I have trod it alone from the town noise apart,
I have trod it with one that's all dear to my heart;
I have trod it dejected, in sorrow, rough driven,
I have trod it as well with a thought up in heaven.

Its gate-ways and turnings are sacred to me,
And so are the streamlets that cross it so free,
While the oak trees and hazels that grow here and there,
With the thorns, on its hedges are all to me dear.

Whene'er in my musings I love to retrace,
The dear recollections of what there took place,
The hand I have shaken, the lip I have press'd,
Sink deeper the thought of the road in the west.

Hard struggling where the din of labour rings,
Joyfully in our ears; where active thought
Is ever on the wing. This world, 'tis true,
Has lost the glory which around it shone,
When first, exulting, in a sinless sky,
It rode, and bears full many a gashing wound
At present, rents inflicted by the hand
Of him, who, ether roams with dreadful glance.
'Tis still, howe'er, a world whence leads a road,
Direct, though narrow, past yon dazzling stars,
To a fair land away, a land, dear boy,
Of sunny hills, and valleys ever green;
A land of rest, sweet rest, and endless joy;
A land where no one loses that he loves,
A country where ne'er tolls the sad toned bell
That tells a parting spirit bids adieu
To the dear home it once had occupied.
Oft have you been our theme. While on the road,
Or o'er some winding hill, or path along,
Bestrown with nature's beauties, glorious dress,
With here and there, a peasant's ivy cot,
At eve, we strayed, affectionate, to breathe

The mountain air, and to enjoy the scene,
A thought of you, our pleasure would enhance.
And while at home, hived in our little cot,
You there would mingle with our smiles; Yes, there,
Though then unborn, you were our subject dear.
Your gentle mother there, perhaps, would be,
Industrious, at some domestic deed,
While he, your sire, hard at her side, would be
Perusing, with avidity, perchance,
Leaves hoary, records of antiquity,
Or wrestling hard with some equation dire,
Or arguing with Egypt's sage; and, at times,
Like these, awhile we would relinquish toil,
And chat of you with rapture and delight.
Born now you are, and toil industrious,
With venerable brow your arm awaits.
No hoarded affluence is there for you,
Upheaped in banks, with avaricious hands;
Neither estate is there for you, nor lawns,
Nor woody parks, nor mansions towering high,
Thick to the window's pane, with ivy clothed,
Dateless, descending from our ancestors,
When you dear boyhood's flowery paths have trod,



Or twenty one's yon sunny hills have climb'd.
Oh! no, sweet boy. There's not a single rood,
Of this large world, that you can name your own.
Lament it not. Riches, they say, are good.
They 're good and wholesome, when the oppulent
Trade with them, on the tranquil sea of love,
Steer clear of reefs, where shipwrecks oft take place,
And, sympathizing, deal their charity
To sons of indigence. But wealth, yes wealth,
Is such, that circumstances, crossways, oft,
Drive it, with strides astonishing along,
To shades obscure, like Autumn leaves,
Circling there way, to some sequester'd nook,
Trembling before the angry steps of winds.
Though wealthless born, and doom'd withal to toil,
Yet in reserve true joys remain for you.
To watch the clouds, rough shap'd in lofty skies,
Traversing ether, glorious in their hues;
Now vales assuming, now upheaving hills,
With now and then among them stealing forth,
Mild, merry and silvery, a moonshine that
Drops down a gladness thrilling on the heart;
To roam among the twinkling stars, to watch

The round, brimm'd sun descend behind the hill,
And lend to surly winds a listening ear ;
To view the woodland's solemn nod, and sit,
On some dear southland, sloping, shrubby hill,
Sunny, and from unsocial winds withdrawn,
To listen to the noisy rivulets,
Rippling their notes the winding hills among,
While blackbird, wren, and ever gentle thrush,
Pour out their strains on every budding branch,
Exulting cuckoos joining in the song,
Each sounding the sweet intelligence to him,
Whose ivy cot stands smoking on the hill,
And him who occupies the woody vale,
Of lengthening eves returning with their dew ;
To stroll o'er lawns, where, in rejoicing knots,
Cowslips, and daisies woo the morning breeze,
And to the sun unfold their virgin bloom ;
Or tread a path, primrosed, that wending leads
The lightsome footsteps where the longing eye
Can, unobstructed, and delighted, see
How laughs the earth when dress'd all o'er with bloom ;
To seek, and love some true unchanging friend,
With ardency that cheers the inmost soul,


And makes two tender bosoms one till us,
The dread cold hand of death run chill between ;
To read the living thoughts of spirits who
Have trod away to rest their journey through ;
And oft withdraw amid the tossings dire,
And rough vicissitudes of time, when thrown
To sorrowings, by dark and joyless thoughts,
To spread, triumphant, in yon humane skies,
My sighs and wants before the bounteous eye
Of Him, who ne'er neglects the wandering rooks
Which homeless wing their way o'er landscapes wide,
In quest of sustenance ; yes, budding bloom,
These are your father's undisputed rights,
His old inheritance, his sweet delights.
They're man's prerogatives, truly his own,
Inherent privileges, ever his.
They're hills of bliss, which time's rough mighty arm,
Can shake, perchance, but never overthrow :
And being man's, they too, belong to you.
And yet 'tis not the whole. Look at the star,
That gentle star, that shone her kindness down
On you, like dew-drops, from her mystic heights,
And exercised her joyous influence,

When you were born. Now happy English hills,
And English valleys claim you as their own.
You might be born where burning sands extend,
Sultry, beyond the vision's hazy reach,
Amid the shrieks of jackals and harangue
Of lions growling on their dusty track,
With awful steps in search of sustenance,
And people barbarous, who daily see,
Rising and setting suns and changing moons,
With twinkling stars in their ethereal plains,
Without a glimmering shadow of a thought,
That leads to Him who built those orby worlds,
A people labouring on in ignorance,
The present enjoying, and at the close
Of their career, returning to the dust,
With silvery locks, and hopeless as a brute.
Neither were you on hills Italian born,
Where the true Word, the only ray we have,
Our steps to light to happier lands beyond,
Is from the poor man's vision hid for aye,
By men arrogant and avaricious,
Selfish, and wickedly presuming, who,
With dogmas, wall around sweet knowledge's realm,

Leaving the crowd to wander in the shades
Of doleful ignorance, without a right
To learn the way that winds to life, themselves.
Nor were you born in savage countries, where
The poor man's property is at the will
Of men audacious, who their sterile hills
Wander about to plunder weaker tribes,
And dip there hands in blood of innocence.
No, you were born on England's lovely soil,
A country blooming on the surge deep,
Protected by her social, towering rocks,
And spacious harbours brooding on the waves,
Inside of which, on hills, in valleys green,
Cluster dear liberty, plenty, and peace,
Like mellow fruit on Autumn drooping boughs,
Sweet to the eye, and pleasant to the heart.
Yes, in a land you are, in which are heard
The thrilling notes of venerable bells,
Long known and revered on our native hills,
Whose notes are blended with our deeds devout;
Those bells that toll the peasant and the lord,
Equally, with their offspring at their side,
With willing footsteps to the house of prayer,

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And sieves aerial winnow wandering down,
Flakes flowery from the upland of the skies;
While northern winds their notes begin to howl,
Threatening the very oak with tossings wild.
Invisible, the sun his rays withdraws
Behind the confines of the snowy west.
The hedger now deserts the yielding sod.
His scattered tools, he quietly collects,
And on his shoulders throws them clanging loud.
Then from the bosom of the shattered hedge,
Taking his bag which bore his simple meal,
His slow made steps he hies towards his home,
Viewing the angry aspect of the heavens,
And the white snow that on the shivering earth,
Quickly descends, o'ermantling hill and glen.
His docile dog, discovering toil is o'er,
Sleepy starts up, and, stretching out his paws,
Dances about, with heart delighted high,
Anticipating home's refreshing joys.
Now with the snow he plays, now runs before,
Now quick arrests his steps, and, turning back,
Swiftly places his head between his legs,

And peeps with joy at his old friend's approach.
Rising, as if on swiftness' essence borne,
He to the cot-bound swain again returns,
And circling him, displays how pleased he feels,
That the week's labour of the spade is o'er.
Thus cheer'd, the weary hedger hies along.
While on his way, on either side he sees,
The woodland minstrels to their lodgings fly.
In yonder field hard at a shelter'd hedge,
Squabbling, the kine dispute about the hay,
Horning themselves, each careful of its share.
Among them struts the herdboy, issuing
Commands severe, adjusting hay-heaps now,
Now reprimanding with a rotten stump,
A fractious ox, and now encouraging
A timid calf the welcome heap t' approach.
Now in the fold the hedger casts about,
A well pleased eye. There stand the cow and calf,
Hard at his side, and near the shed's kind door,
White spotted o'er with snow, ruminating,
And waiting too, his hand to turn them in.
The tools secured, into his cot he goes,
His castle, home, the centre of his bliss,

Where him, his wife congratulates with smiles,
While he with loving strains delights her ear.
Ere down he sits, his hat he takes again,
Walks out, and promptly houses all his flock.
The cow, the calf, the swine, and shivering ducks,
With double care, on such a boisterous eve,
He shields from cold, and fastens every door,
Securely. Thence, with out-door labour o'er,
Calmly, into his ivy cot he walks,
Washes himself, crops down his lengthy beard,
Changes his coat, and sits him, weary, down,
Near to his fire. His blue-eyed urchins run,
With bounding hearts, to climb the father's knee.
The tea things set, the simple table round,
A little group, they with their children sit,
And joyous of the genial cup partake,
All cheerful as the blushing dawn. This o'er,
The prattlers blithe away to bed are dress'd,
By her, the mother dear, who smiles the while,
As down to rest she lays their tender limbs.
She to her loving husband then relates,
Her marketing, and shows her purchases,
Bringing concealed beneath her apron blue,

A treasure to revive his languid limbs,
As is her custom, when to town she goes,
At close of week some household things to buy.
And sweet the smile that lights his sun-burnt brow,
When deeds like this, his beaming eye beholds.
She now collects her white wash'd linen round,
And, with a nimble hand, to ironing,
Devotes her time; or it may be, she sits,
The stocking of her humble lord to knit,
Or pinafore to mend, or to prepare,
Her cap, perhaps, against the Sabbath morn.
He in his chair, hard at his bright-faced fire,
Takes up a book, or some periodical,
Containing odds and ends, varieties,
A poem or two, by some aspirant young,
News of the world, a leading article,
And it may be, a brief biography,
Of a poor toiler, but a virtuous man
Who, as he journeyed through the ills of earth,
Wrought gentle deeds. And when his friendly eye,
Catches a passage that his fancy strikes,
With comments apt, he reads it to his wife,
And draws, perchance, a lesson for themselves.

For by his master taught when yet in school,
To relish knowledge, to improve his mind,
And cultivate with diligence his heart,
To read though low his lot, is his delight,
Whene'er a passing leisure lends her aid.
Thus tranquil, in his clean and peaceful cot,
The weary hedger spends his winter night.
But ah, the sweetener of his pleasure, is
His wife, the glowing star, round which, ever
Pants his desire to make its deathless home.
What constitutes the monarch's crowning joy?
Is it the high prerogative he has,
To wield o'er fellow-man a ruling hand,
A deed intrepid, proving oft a task,
Too hard for man to handle with delight?
O no; 'tis she that's wedded to his side,
From whose dear bosom streams his purest bliss.
Whene'er a damsel's heart you seek to wed,
Some blossom fair, let love direct your aim,
And gentle heaven assist you in the choice.
Here shipwrecks oft occur. Whate'er you do,
Trifle ye not with love; for love pervades
The haunts of seraphs, pathways of the blest,

The hills and valleys of the land away,
And heaven on earth will have it holy held.
But while on earth we toil, sad sullen clouds,
Sweep often in, darkening our sunny skies,
While many a cross inhospitable hurts,
Deeply, the heart, and trickling from the eye,
Sorrowing to the sod, draws many a drop,
Wept in the chambers of retirement,
When by ourselves, unseen by all, perhaps,
Save by the eye which darkness ne'er beheld.
Where stood the dwelling of the man who ne'er
A thorn sustain'd, or the chastising rod;
There, even there, was more than Eden soil,
A Paradise to this wide world unknown?
But ah, dear boy, when trials sweep their blasts,
And sorrow, sighing, wounds the drooping heart,
Withdraw, and commune with the Deity,
And show the reason why the tear is shed;
Wrestle, complain, cleave to the deed divine,
Till your request will touch the bells of heaven.
Permit not dead indifference cool your breast,
Or lead you to neglect the heaven-born work.
To aid its wings, prayer has Omnipotence,

A power to influence the hidden wheels
Which work the motions of the universe.
Past daring doubts, and obstacles severe,
Past clouds and stars, it steers its trusting way,
Courageously, to yon celestial court,
Where instant hearing infant sighs procure,
Where troubled hearts a tranquil refuge find,
And weary travellers cast their burdens down ;
And there beyond the devil's deadly shafts,
And the rude stabs of a backsliding world,
Humbly it shows, a sympathizing Love,
Its earnest wants ; thence to the earth returns,
Exulting, laurelled with the wish it sought.
Some laugh at prayer. But where retires the heart
That's wounded by the ruthless hand of time ?
Resorts it to the dance, to seek a cure,
Where joyous accents blend with sound of song ?
Attains it peace within the social ring,
Within the pale of talk, where late events,
And stirring tales are with a zest discuss'd ?
Will not travelling, ascending mountains high,
The Alps, the towering Blanc, and viewing there,
Landscapes below, with cottages bestrown,

Cities, and mansions shrubbed with trees around,
Fair countries traversed by the track of streams,
Where roam about, the herds in happy flocks,
With here and there a forest's mighty nod,
Whose countless boughs with passing winds contend,
Restore the troubled heart to happiness again ?
Oh ! no ; e'en there the sigh that bleeds the breast,
With pointed arrows, wounding, would return.
See a sweet damsel standing on the beach,
Parting with one she loves, her sailor boy.
Behold them there, yes, watch them close.
He steps on deck, and she withdraws apart,
Deep sighing, to behold him leave the port.
The anchors, sounding, soon on deck are heaved,
And snow-white sails are to the winds unfurl'd ;
And now the ship is on her devious course,
Riding the waves, to breast full many a storm.
But see the lovers cast their parting look.
He, with a sighing heart the stern draws near,
And half reclining there, his farewell waves,
Landward, his hand trembling with its sorrow ;
While she, one side the crowd, standing alone,
Nods him her dear adieu, while many a tear,

Like dew-drops, steals adown her lovely cheeks.
Now to an eminence, the damsel goes,
Where she a wider sea beholds, and there,
Secluded, on a tuft of grass, she sits,
Weeping, to watch the progress of the ship.
Yes, there she loiters till the snow-white sails,
Behind a rock or headland steep withdraw,
Or sink, perchance, beyond the blue horizon.
Sad is her sigh, and sorrowful her tear,
As the last top-sail shakes its long adieu.
She leaves the hill-side, leaves the surging wave,
And slowly turns her steps towards her home.
Her heart is hurt, and where does she retire,
To soothe her pain, and dry her sad wept tear?
Where turns she? Ah 'tis to the Deity,
To Him whose voice the cresty waves obey,
To Him who watches with peculiar care,
The lover's sigh, the lover's parting tear.
O yes, to Him she goes, trusting her all
To his kind care, and lodging in her prayer,
A wish for him who toils upon the deep,
That she on earth, once more, his brow may see.

Where turns the widow, wet with sorrow's tears,
The warrior's widow, who her husband loved,
Sincerely, with a love noticed perchance,
In heaven's record? Her bosom friend perhaps,
Dropp'd in the land of war, and lies this hour,
Away perhaps, beyond his native shore,
In India, near where Punjab pours her streams.
Or near a palm tree, in the Kaffir's land,
Or it may be, in Inkerman he lies,
In a secluded nook where stands a stone,
Solitary, rough-hewn and letter'd too,
And nearly hid among the straying leaves,
Telling the spot where rest the warrior's bones.
As on the scene of contest, near his sword,
Suffering he lay, with death's sad sighs around,
She was not there his drooping head to raise,
The last adieu to hear, or shake the hand,
The hand of farewell, or the eye to close,
When death his work had done. She was not there
To see him to his silent dwelling borne.
Even the hill-side where he takes repose,
Is from her eye withdrawn, by many a cliff,
By many an upland, many a mountain strange,

By many a vale, by many a winding stream.
Sweet flowers around his sepulchre may bloom,
Dear woodland birds the sacred spot may know,
And strangers as they travel on their way,
May point a finger to his lonely tomb;
But where his ashes rest to her's unknown.
Behold her of an evening sit at home,
A home, perchance, with bush and bloom bestrown,
But now a home stripp'd of its dearest treasure,
Yes, there behold her shed the tear of grief,
Surrounded by a little ring, perhaps,
Of children, who, observing the sad drop,
And drawing near to sympathize with her,
Enquire the reason why the tear is shed,
And weep, withal, unconscious of their loss.
The waves of sorrow to her bosom bring
The happy past, with many a happy scene.
The winding vale where loving first they met,
The pathway, leading through the woodland ground,
Where smiling she confess'd her heart was his,
And haunts made dear by many a tender look,
Pass rapid through her mind. But ah! no more
On earth, his brow, lit with a smile she'll see,

Nor hear again his steps approach the house !
And whither with her sorrow leans she now ?
Withdraws she not to prayer, to Him above,
To Him who aye the widow's want supplies.
O yes ! and while she communes with her God,
A ray divine her troubled breast consoles,
And a sweet hope tells her that she again,
Shall meet her husband in the land away.
Let us a moment to the past and see,
What deeds, what deathless deeds, prayer has achieved.
Near Pi-hahiroth, on an eminence,
That towers aloft, above the neighbouring hills,
Whose base is by the Sea of Edom wash'd,
There let us sit, and picture to ourselves,
A ransom'd host, hard on the surging shore,
Encamping on its way to Canaan's ground.
The wilderness for many a rood's bestrown
With camels, bleating flocks, and lowing kine,
With tents, half conscious of their liberty,
And people, bondageless, in chains no more,
Talking away of yonder verdant vales,
Promis'd their ancestors, where each one hopes,
Some day, to sit his own fig tree beneath,

Tranquil, at home, beside the one he loves.
But see, with one astonish'd ear, they list.
And what's the sound? It is the chariot's drive,
The din of war advancing o'er the hills,
Shaking the landscape with the whoop of death.
The solemn camp, at once, is broken up;
But whither now shall Israel's sons retreat?
On either side stand obstacles severe,
Hemming them in; and now beneath the sword,
With one wild sweep, infant and sire must fall.
But where stands Moses, lifts he now no hand,
A strong battalion to the strife to lead?
Oh no; among the weeping tribes he stands,
Weaponless; but, behold his upturn'd eye,
Casting a look towards the home of God.
And what's the issue? See the listening waves,
Heaven taught, obedient, quick suspend their roar,
Walling a way for Israel's troubled sons.
Astonish'd up in heaps, towering they poize,
Till on the land of safety Israel stands.
But watch them now, with one dark heaving swell,
The proud Egyptian in th' avenging deep,
They swift upturn, sinking him low in death.

One instance more, and then we pause. Behold
The stubborn prophet of Gath-hepher, who
The voice divine unwilling to obey,
Wended his way over the swelling deep,
Sulky, to Tarshish vales, in the pursuit
Of some dark cavern, from the haunts of men,
Wildly withdrawn, to hide himself from God.
The winds o'ertake him on his watery way,
And destiny, helm'd by the hand above,
Him to the agitated ocean hurls
Where a proud monster takes him up with joy.
But there to heaven, repentant now he prays,
And soon the astonish'd dweller of the waves,
Seeks the near shore and lands the humbled seer.
What instances, what glorious instances,
Are these, of what a praying breath has wrought.
Well I remember, when a strife we had,
With Russia, how, in England, many a one,
Prated, and in our papers, scribbled too,
Presumptuous, of the day of prayer we held,
Nationally, to supplicate the heavens,
To move the lever of affairs, and bless
Our efforts to arrest oppression's tramp.

Little they know, who slight our deeds divine,
About the power of prayer, the hidden strength,
That lies concealed beneath its soaring wings.
Ah! to thy venerable usages,
Ever cleave thou, our dear old native Isle.
No bondage chain shall stain thy bounteous hills,
No enemy thy social coast shall touch,
Whilst thou, leaning on heaven's almighty arm,
Breathest the supplicating voice of prayer.

The scene is now delightful, and we are,
Dear boy, as cheerful as the infant dawn.
How long on earth we shall together toil,
Is not disclosed. 'Tis in the womb of time.
But ah! the hour will come when we must part;
Yes, we must part. Sad thought! sad to the heart;
But let us not to sorrow lean. The good,
On yonder side the vale shall meet once more;
Shall meet, 'tis said, and never part again.
What heavenly news! It strikes a thrilling joy,
E'en through the heart while in the arms of death.
If you, sweet boy, are destined to behold,
This eye close on the world, this house dissolve,
Bear ye me home to where my fathers rest,

And where the laurels shade their mouldering dust,
Hard at their side, let ye my bones repose.
Deride ye not the wish, 'tis holy, pure,
And blended with the essence of our life;
'Tis there an instinct, planted deep by Him
Who loves to see us happy even here.
Behold the holy men of old, those sires
Who sojourned here in tents, pilgrims on earth,
Drew they not to their fathers' sepulchres?
See Shakspeare, England's wonderous child of song,
When he his ever blooming wreath had wove,
He bade the stage adieu, its tragic scenes,
Wending his steps towards the Avon's banks,
The bloomy pathways where he oft had strayed,
The hedges whence the primrose oft he'd culled,
And those dear nooks, those shady, shrubby nooks,
Where oft, when yet a stripling, he had heard
The wren's sweet note, and cuckoo's welcome lay.
Was there not here a leaning to a home,
A genius, at its sunset, drawing near,
To lay its dust among a kindred earth?
Hard on the high road side, midway between,
Haverfordwest, and the industrious town

Of Fishguard, lies a vale. Narrow it is,
And picturesque. On either slooping side,
Rocks recline, mellow with the weather's wear,
Rude broken, craggy and in heaps confused,
As if the earth, in time, now out of date,
Had, in this place, sustained eruptions wild.
Eastward there heaves a precipice sublime,
Terribly steep, o'ergrown with mountain heath,
And intersected, herbless to the sod,
With many a path, trod by the intrepid sheep,
Which nibbling here, sideways, are ever seen.
Within the valley, sounds the Cleddaw's song,
A dear old stream, along whose noisy banks,
Often I've strayed, to store my bag with nuts,
Sorrowless as the winds which met my brow.
Here roods of land lie calm in evergreen,
Shrubb'd o'er with trees of venerable age.
He who, the wondrous earth, delights to view,
Discovering, where'er his steps may stray,
Undoubted signs of a Creating hand,
Whether in dew-drops, or the trembling leaves,
Or in the towering hill-sides which aloft,

Obstruct the passage of the sweeping storm,
May here well pleased, uplift his well trained eye,
And cull from nature's boughs full many a sweet.
Out of this vale, over a huge hill's brow,
There leads a narrow lane, winding along,
Amid the heath, to where my parents dwell.
Oft have I travelled o'er this hill-side way,
Hieing to seek the sunshine of a home,
To sit with mother, round a social hearth,
And talk with her of all my joys and griefs.
And O, how happy once I trod this way,
This narrow way, over the mountain's brow.
Blest was the morn. It was in Autumn time,
When, like a blossom, leaning on my arm,
Affectionate, I took my Mary home,
To show her to my gentle mother. Ah!
Can words e'er tell how exquisite the bliss,
Which then so thrilled within our love-bound hearts.
We left the vale, we'll there again return.
Northward the vale, there is an eminence,
With sod aye green, and many a house bestrown,
Where once, tradition says, a castle stood.
There many a time while in the village school

With joyous arm I've struck the bounding ball,
Unconscious of the winds and surging waves,
Which were, when wider out on life's rough sea,
In after years, to toss my little barque.
Some hundred yards, southward this sunny hill,
Hard on the Cleddaw's sides, tranquil there stands
A little church, half hid within the trees.
Simple the structure of the edifice;
Within its holy walls no relic lies,
No imposition, dusty with the tales,
And lumber of tradition, leading man,
Erringly, to embrace what is not true.
The sound of organ here, on the Lord's Day,
Does not, 'tis true, attend the voice of praise.
Yet even here a psalmody is heard,
Sweet psalmody, and such that it contains,
No awkward note, baffling the cotter's strain.
The lowly swain untutored in the scales,
Without the apprehension of a slur,
May well out pour his hallelujahs here.
Around this little Sanctuary lies,
Laurelled and spotted o'er with many a stone,
Each with a name, a grassy plot of ground.

'Tis here my fathers lie, and with heaven's will,
The will of Him who helms the hand of death,
Conducting it, where'er and when he will
And stingless too, wherever virtue dwells,
Yes, if it is the Sovereign will, 'tis there,
Close at their side, I'd have my bones repose.
There too, when her short pilgrimage is o'er,
Beside my dust I'd have your mother sleep.
And thither when your sun, dear boy, has set,
May you be borne, borne to the Cleddaw's side;
That as in love we toiled together here,
We tranquil there may wait together too,
The dawn auspicious when the righteous shall,
The dark hedged vale desert with sound of joy.
But while the wilderness our feet shall stray,
Let us the bloomy banks of peace pursue,
Immutably. Those only are the wise,
Who make the earth a stepping stone to glory,
Who ever toil, whatever winds may blow,
The rest to win that's in the land away.

THE PLOUGHBOY'S SONG.

Toil now is hush'd, and all is still,
Save a sweet breeze that's blowing;
While brighter and brighter the skies,
With laughing stars are growing.

The silvery streams are warbling too,
The slumbering doves are cooing,
And dew-drops dear are dropping down,
O what a night for wooing.

My team now rests, the moon now shines,
I will no longer tarry ;
I must away o'er yonder hill,
To see my darling Mary.

She now perhaps leans on the stile,
Hard at her shrub-girt dwelling,
And watches there to hear those steps,
With sighs her bosom swelling.

THE POOR MAN AND HIS COT.

The cot, the cot, the hill-side cot,
Why sing the poor man's cot? ,
Why sweep your strings to tell its joys,
And praise its lowly lot?

You sound your notes as if it were
A nook adorn'd with bloom,
As if it were a temple where,
Peace loves to make her home.

The poor man too, you loudly sing,
You picture him as blest;
You thatch him in a paradise,
And show how calm his rest.

Will happiness erect her tent
Down in obscurity,
Will she consent to pass her days,
Where nought but want we see?

How can the sweets that you describe,
In dreary hovels dwell?
Ah! sing the hill-side cot no more,
No more its pleasures tell.

The poor man's little drawing room
No carpet has, 'tis true;
No dainties on his table smile,
His dishes are but few.

His best brew'd ale is nature's wine,
Drawn from the virgin stream;
Weary with toil, his sleep is sweet,
Sweet as the dawning beam.

No anxious care disturbs his breast,
Nor is he hurt with sorrow ;
He leaves to Him who minds the worm,
The welfare of the morrow.

Cheerful his brow, his thought serene,
And pious are his ways ;
His path is peace, with bloom bestrown,
And thankful is his praise.

The less his care, the less his snare,
The less his heart is wounded ;
And aye we'll sing the poor man's cot
Is by yon heaven surrounded.

Cease, cease ; the poor man in his cot,
Oft lifts a prayerful eye,
And brings the joys whereof we sing,
Down clustering from the sky.

And could we see the cotter poor
Kneel down at night to pray,
We may behold an angel there,
To bear the news away.

His thoughts are anchor'd in yon heaven,
Where tempests never come ;
While joyous from his ivy cot,
He eyes a better home.

ON MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY.

All hail to thee thou dearest day,
Thou sweet returning dawn ;
Thou art the starry dawn serene,
On which my wife was borne !

In all the annals of my life,
There's not a day like this ;
It brought me joys unknown before,
A cupfull of true bliss.


Dear England, darling, was your home,
Wales mine, the hills of charms,
Till heaven-born breezes wafted you,
Safely into my arms.

You are a joyful mother now,
In woman's glory drest,
With our sweet boy, with dark blue eyes,
Lying on your snowy breast.

I view you now in that estate
Where damsels wish to be,
Nursing, with care, our first-born boy,
A work I long'd to see.

O what a sight, dear wife is this,
And what a sweet employ!
It is my earthly paradise,
The summit of my joy.

Accept my gratitude, ye skies,
For such a treasure rare;
And may this song engage my lips,
Till I shall praise you there.



And oh! this social circle own,
Ye ever friendly skies,
And as its boundary may extend,
Drop down your best supplies.


Long, long, dear Mary, may we see
This happy dawn return,
And may our love, with ardency,
On each arrival burn.

THE HUT AND TENT.

On one dark night some time ago,
When Autumn winds aloud did blow,
As home I came, without delay,
The rain o'ertook me on the way,
And being not, as well I might,
Prepared for such a boisterous night,
And miles from home and fearing too,
The rain would fall and wet me through,
I call'd at a small cot which stood,
On the road side, hard by a wood,
For some old coat or flannel gray,
To shelter me while on the way.
The cot at first appear'd to me
The dark abode of poverty;
For windows there I saw but one,
And as for chimneys, saw I none;

Its inside was howe'er as clean,
As any cot I e'er had seen.
A swain, his wife, and children three,
Were all that made the family.
The children were, the mother said,
Since nine o'clock, all gone to bed.
The rustic sat in an arm chair,
Hard by a brisk and bright turf fire,
Having a Bible open wide,
On a round table at his side,
While opposite him sat his wife,
Knitting away with all her life.
The rustic pair, believe you may,
Were neatly clad and somewhat gay ;
They look'd as joyful and serene,
As if engaged they just had been,
In offering up some warm desires,
To Him who hears the poor man's prayers ;
While all within show'd certain proof,
A blessing loiter'd on the roof.
When we had talk'd some time together,
About the harvest wind and weather,
I look'd about and said " Old friend,

I called to know if you could lend
Something, no difference in what form,
To shield me from the rain and storm."
"O yes, I can," the swain replied,
And said withal, "it is a pride
With me to do whate'er I can,
To help a fellow brother man."
With this he ran and brought me back,
His best long frock all painted black;
He help'd me too, to put it on,
And button'd with me one for one,
His helpmate holding with a smile
The candle for us all the while.
And being now past ten o'clock,
With all arranged about the frock,
I left the hut and thank'd the swain,
And wended home through storm and rain,
As fast as I could plod along,
Humming at times a harmless song,
To cheer the way as on I went,
Musing as well on the content,
And pleasantness I just had seen,
In the poor cot where I had been.



But on the road when I had come,
Within a mile or two from home,
I heard a sound, I thought of men,
I lost and heard it soon again ;
I heard it twice almost the same,
But could not tell from whence it came,
For all around I could not see,
Save here a thorn and there a tree,
Whose lofty tops swayed in the blast,
Both right and left as on I pass'd.
I was put out, for really,
I thought some spirit haunted me.
I made not many steps howe'er,
Ere I beheld what caused my fear ;
For suddenly, in a small bent,
Of the road hedge, a gipsy's tent,
In oblong form, burst on my view,
With its poor donkey, horse and crew.
Unto the tent the horse was tied
With the poor donkey at his side,
Both busy at their ledge of hay,
Though blasting wild the winds did play.

A fire blazed at the tent door,
About the centre of the floor,
So briskly bright, so homely fair,
Enough to lead a traveller there,
To pass a moment, I allege,
With the poor wanderers at the hedge.
The pilgrims seem'd to be quite poor,
But not alarm'd at the loud roar,
Which blew their booth, nor at the rain,
That loudly rush'd adown the lane.
Though born perhaps beyond the main,
On Afric's sandy, scorching plain,
Beneath a sick and sultry ray,
Where lions roar and vultures play ;
Or far perchance in some lone wood,
Fast by the Ganges' swelling flood,
And now from home a houseless band,
They wander'd in a stranger's land,
From hedge to hedge, from hill to hill,
Oft leaning on a friend's good will,
Yet there they sat and laugh'd as glad
As if a world of wealth they had,
With countless fields of corn in mows


Behind their backs in length'ning rows.
Let no one scorn the rustic's cot,
For oft it is a tranquil spot,
And quite as blithe, though poor the hearth,
And sweet as man can find on earth.
O yes, the swain enjoys repose,
In hovels, huts and tents like those ;
And often songs of gladness sings
In cheerful strains beneath the wings,
Of calm content, and happiness,
While many a king lives comfortless,
In dazzling halls and palaces,
Hurt by intrigues and jealousies,
With rents and stabs, unknown to those
Who share the poor man's sweet repose.

ON HEARING AN ASS BRAYING IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT FROM BED.

Great monarch of the furzy hills,
What led you here so late ;
Are there no brambles in your realm
That you have left your state ?

If not disturbed, why lift your voice,
And thunder at my door ;
And why harangue so near my bed,
I tremble at your roar ?

Some tender babe, undoubtedly,
Has heard your notes as well,
And now annoys its mother more
Than any tongue can tell.



The gentle blooms who slept so sweet
Upon their pillows white,
Have not, I hope, heard you destroy
The silence of the night.

Be cautious, sir, and take no step,
Ere you have thought awhile ;
Because it is no trifling loss
To lose a maiden's smile.

What if a lawyer at his desk,
Has heard your hollow sound, sir,
He may be now declaiming loud,
That he will have you bound, sir.

Again, what if a crowd of rogues,
Who stray the streets at night, sir,
Were here to overtake your steps,
Would they not like the sight, sir.

Go wander o'er the mountain heath,
And warble there your song ;
For in the town at such a time,
You strike your note too strong.

Though thus I've spoke, I harbour, mind,
No bad intents on you ;
I merely throw you out a hint
To save you from a blow.

I would not hurt you for a world,
Nor any of your race,
As many a stupid stroller does
Unto his long disgrace.

I'll not detain you longer now,
For soon there may appear
A stratagem to capture you,
While you are loitering here.

SAD WAS THE LOT OF DAVIES.

Sad was the lot of Davies,—
It touch'd his beaming eye,
And stung his heart with sorrow,
What bosom will not sigh.

He liv'd awhile near Pembroke,
Hard on the swelling sea,
Away in yonder south-land,
A land all dear to me.


He left its vales and verdure,
And wish'd his friends adieu,
Taking his journey northward,
Not many a year ago.

His home he made in North Wales,
And there with gentle rule,
For many a day conducted
A small parochial school.

Grand are the scenes of nature
In all that lovely place;
There's not a spot in Cambria
That shows a better face.

There hills on hills are pushing
Their slanting sides on high,
As if they sought a converse
With spirits in the sky.

Loud, loud between this grandeur,
The Alen pours her strains,
The hearts of ploughboys cheering,
Gladdening the hills and plains.



The whistling thrush and cuckoo
Their jubilees hold here
When cowslips sweet and lilies,
On nature's lap appear.

What could be more delightful
Than train the infant mind,
Where nature spreads her beauties,
Her bloom of every kind.

There Davies toiled with patience,
Along with his dear wife;
Surrounded by his children,
The blossoms of his life.

But soon he lost his sunshine,
Soon sorrow roll'd her wave;—
Two of his heart dear offsprings
Were shrowded in their grave.

At last the hand of terror,
One dark unfriendly day,
Drew near with his sad sickle,
And snatch'd his wife away.

She that was once his solace,
Now smil'd on him no more;
The living spark had left him,
To seek a distant shore.

Her dear and last born infant,
Too dear on earth to bloom,
Between her arms went resting,
Down with her to the tomb.


With strangers in the church-yard,
They slumber side by side,
Waiting what is hereafter,
The virtuous to betide.

One eve thus Davies whisper'd,
As lonely he did weep,
"I ne'er can take them with me
To where my fathers sleep."

His sister from yon south-land,
Paid him a visit here,
And took him with his children,
Home with a sister's care.

They left the school in North Wales,
They left the church-yard too,
Where lay the wife and children,
The grassy sod below.

Away they went oft casting
A sighing look behind,
No more on earth to see them,
Save in their weeping mind.



Around them wood and mountain
Their sorrow seem'd to nod,
And in their ears to whisper
"It was the will of God."

Ne'er, ne'er his wife and children,
On earth to see again;
Oh! who is there can picture
What Davies suffer'd then.

Since countless are the crosses,
That wound our hearts below,
Ah let them onward lead us
Where nought is heard of woe.



A WORD TO THE POOR MAN.

Ah! thou poor man, trust thou in God,
Sail on the good old way;
Thy little barque will reach the shore
Of yonder coast some day.

Thy winding voyage is bestrown,
With many a cloud up-piled,
With many a sand-bank, many a reef,
And many a head-land wild.

Rough waves and winds may toss, seeking
Thy barque to overwhelm;
But heed not thou, Omnipotence
Sits with thee at the helm.

With sound of song and sails unfurl'd,
Thy vessel soon will ride,
Into the tranquil port of heaven,
Safely, at eventide.




ON SEEING A CHILD CHASE A BUTTERFLY.

Ah! wandering, spotted, pretty thing,
Depart at once, spread forth thy wing,
And haste away,
Without delay,
Towards some hill, or sunny glen,
Beyond the reach of cruel men.

Halt boy, lose not so many a sigh,
In plaguing that sweet butterfly;
Be not so wild,
My little child;
Can you delight with hurried breath
In causing that poor creature's death?

What if a tiger, wolf, or bear,
Were thus to chase your mother dear?
Would you not call
On one and all,




To save her from the growling jaw,
Of such a bold terrific foe ?

Put on your cap, and tie your shoe
And wipe the drops which stain your brow ;
And vex no more,
As heretofore,
A harmless, homeless butterfly
That's noticed by our God on high.

Now is the time that insects play,
It is their summer, 'tis their day ;
Their time is short
To roam or sport ;
For winter soon with chilly breath,
Will sweep them to the land of death.

Then let them wing over the flowers,
Since brief their days, since brief their hours ;
And ever show,
With happy brow,
That gentleness attends each deed,
As on your journey you proceed.



A L E N ' S B A N K S .

Sweet Alen on thy banks I tread,
A sojourner, away from home,
Listening to thy wide sounding stream,
Warbling towards the ocean's foam.

Thy strains recall the murmuring roar,
Of joyous rills I heard when young,
As out I stroll'd o'er father's cliffs,
Ere heart-felt sorrows had begun.

Thy banks are green, thy notes are clear,
Cheering the hills with many a strain ;
But these are not the Cleddaw's sides,
Nor music of the silvery Gwain.

Yonder on thy green banks I see
 Reynolds' shrub-circled villa rise,
 Whose charity a gladness throws,
 Glowing, into the poor man's skies.

'Tis rumour'd, Allen, in thy glen,
 Joyously, that the world toss'd poor,
 Ne'er turn away, empty or cold
 From yonder hospitable door.

Ah! were the streams of earth adorn'd
 Along their winding banks like this,
 With friendly roofs, and welcome doors,
 It would enhance the poor man's bliss.

Here rustic cottages as well,
 Upheave their unassuming forms,
 Sheltering their rafters in the woods,
 Tranquil beyond the tread of storms.

Carols melodious here are heard,
Gladdening the soul, dispersing gloom,
When Spring's young hand has strown abroad,
Her beauty, glory, bud and bloom.

'Tis howling dark November now,
And shivering leaves are heard around,
Leaving the tops of wind toss'd trees,
Descending rustling to the ground.

When swallow next, and cuckoo come,
With gladness, verdure, leaf and song,
I'll take a stroll with Mary here,
Thy winding shrubby banks along.

AH! TELL US NOT THAT WE MUST PART.

Ah! tell us not that we must part,
That we must part in sorrow,
Without the shadow of a hope,
That we shall meet tomorrow.

Must those dear friends we loved so true,
Whom death from us did sever,
Lie cold beneath the valley's sod,
Concealed from us for ever?

Must those who walk the good old way,
And love each other here,
Eying the hills where angels tread,
Drop such a parting tear?

196 **AH! TELL US NOT THAT WE MUST PART.**

Was there ne'er heard on Canaan's hills,
Beneath yon eastern skies,
This heaven born news, this deathless sound,
The dead again shall rise ?

Then tell us not, that we must part,
That we must part in sorrow ;
For by the Word on which we build,
We all shall meet tomorrow.

THE END.

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